

as Thou bidst me come to Thee,
Lord, my God, I come."

After a cry is stilled,
A call of human pain;
From the hearts so hopeless,
Wearied, sinful men,
In the sweet voice of the Master
Said in the hero's sol,
"Who will go and bring these wan-
derers home?"
"I will," the brave lad shouted,
"To live or die."
Rushed into the battle's thicker
fury,
Soul so lost and sinful,
Bringing them to God;
While teaching vice, polluted lips to
pray:

Another voice is pleading,
Voice of friends and home,
"They say you're dead."
Mother's hair is whitening,
Wants her boy at home;
Do not leave, and break her heart."
We pray:
In holy desperation the soldier press
on;
Victory wins for Jesus every day;
Through the battle rages sorely,
Faith is strong and bright;
These are the words his comrades
him say:

2nd Chorus
Take this word to mother,
Tell her, though I love her,
Jesus Christ depends on me.
I'm not coming home.
Tell her souls are dying,
My help they're crying.
Jesus bids me fight for Him.
I'm not coming home."

Coming Events.

COL. MARGETT'S
Territorial Secretary,
Accompanied by the PROVINCIAL
OFFICER, will visit
EASTERN PROVINCE

John V., Saturday, Sept. 13.
John III., Sunday, Sept. 14.
Mon., Monday, Sept. 17.
Mersele, Tuesday, Sept. 18.
Mottetown, Wednesday, Sept. 19.

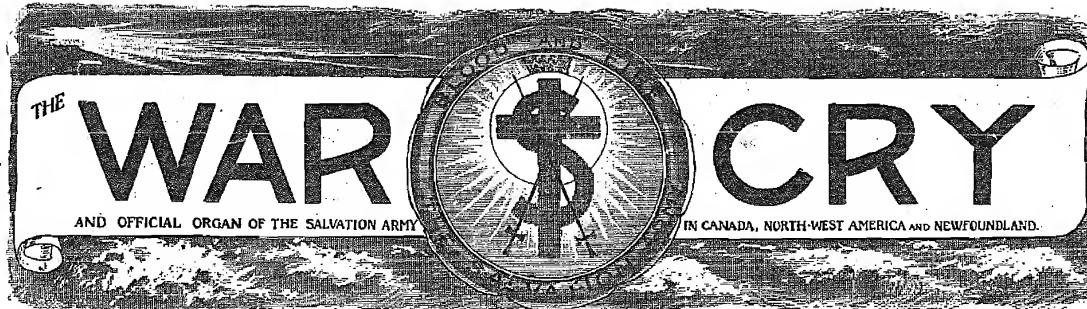
NEWFOUNDLAND
Johns I., Sunday, Sept. 23.
Johns, British Hall, Monday, Sept.
24.
Johns I., Tues. and Wed., Sept. 25.
26.

BRIGADIER GASKIN
and
THE STAFF BAND
will visit
ppincott St., Sunday, Sept. 16.

JOR and Mrs. HARGRAVE
will visit
ouvert, Sat., Sun., and Mon., Sept.
15, 16, 17.
rlin, Tues. and Wed., Sept. 18, 19.
nd, Thurs., and Fri., Sept. 20, 21.
Westminster, Sat., Sun., and
Mon., Sept. 22, 23, 24.
Whatcom, Tuesday, Sept. 25.
t Vernon, Wednesday, Sept. 26.
me, Sunday Sept. 30.

MAJOR PICKERING
Accompanied by the
Salvation Hand Bell Ringers
will visit
ohn V., Saturday, Sept. 16.
ohn III., Sunday, Sept. 17.

MAJOR TURNER
lait and conduct Special Meetings
at the following towns:
bridge, Sat., Sun., and Mon., Sept.
, 16, 17.
mber, Tuesday, Sept. 18.
ce, Wednesday, Sept. 19.
Thursday, Sept. 20.
nt, Friday, Sept. 21.
n Falls, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 22.
ige, Monday, Sept. 24.



16th Year, No. 52

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 22, 1900.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.

Price, 5 Cents.



(See article on p. 3.)

This allegorical picture represents Man-soul, after conversion, aided by two angels, Faith and Grace, battling against its ancient enemies, the World, the Flesh and the Devil. The Angel of Grace is seen thrusting the Devil back into the open maw of Hell, causing the latter to swallow Man-soul. The latter has his foot on the serpent Sin, and is wrestling with the "body of this death," the Flesh, which is loosing its grip, while Faith aids him in his ascent to God.

Musings and Maxims.

By S. A. MONK.

To be faithful is to be true to our convictions.



Idle words are words spoken without being weighed.



A gossiping tongue is the devil's favorite tool.



To trust man and to be deceived is better than to distrust.



To truly and consistently love your neighbor, will ultimately compel your neighbor to love you in return.



True faith cannot be deceived, because it sees the invisible and grasps the very throne of God.



It is good to think twice before you speak, but it is better to speak only that what you feel.



"As a man thinketh, so is he." Watch your thoughts and give no shelter to suspicious ones.



"Prove all things," does not mean to accept or tolerate them until proved to be bad, but means to examine first their value and reject at once all that is evil and doubtful.



Many otherwise save Christians are as unseasonable in their efforts to save souls as the man who uses the lawn-mower in winter and snow-shovel in summer.



Sun gives warmth, salvation wings to the soul.



Love, like heat, expands the heart; selfishness shrivels and freezes it.



As a fan cools the heated face, so sound judgement tempers blind zeal.



To trust in a clear heart is unwise, rather trust in Him Who cleansed it.

Death's Glorification.

"We have the most satisfactory evidence which mortals can give of future glorification in the fact that many are glorified before our eyes in death. Amidst the humiliation, pains, and agonies of physical dissolution we see the soul emerging from the wreck of its physical environment, triumphing over him who hath the power of death, and in regal majesty pluming its wings for its final flight, and in view of such a victory, human reason, less than Divine revelation, declare: 'Death is swallowed up in victory.'"

Refined Brutality.

"Let me take you to another scene. Here is His Grace the Duke of Rackrent, and the Right Honorable Sedever Fitz-Snaffles, and the gallant Colonel Swenor, with half the aristocracy of a country—male and female—mounted on horses worth hundreds of pounds each, and which have been bred and trained at a cost of hundreds more, and what for? This 'splendid field' are waiting whilst a poor little timid animal is let loose from confinement and permitted to fly in terror from its strange surroundings. Observe the delight of all the 'gentlemen' and 'noble ladies' when a whole pack of strong dogs is let loose in pursuit—and then behold the noble chase. The regiment of well-mounted cavalry and the well-trained pack of hounds all charge at full gallop after the poor, frightened creature. It will be a great disappointment if, by any means, it should escape or be killed within so short a time as an hour. The sport will be excellent in proportion to the time which the poor thing's agony is prolonged, and the number of miles it is able to run, in terror of its life. Brutality! I tell you that, in my judgment, at any rate, you can find nothing in the vilest black slums more utterly, more deliberately, more savagely cruel than that."

—Catherine Booth.



Bible Readings from Jamaica.

X.—REMEMBER LOT'S WIFE.

By ADJUTANT PHILLIPS.

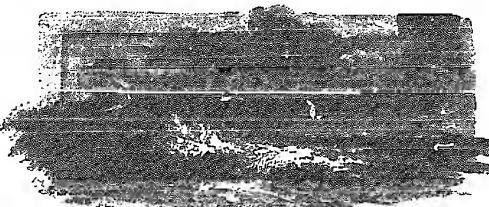
In the first book of the Bible, nineteenth chapter, you may read, How God's wrath rained down on Sodom, notwithstanding He agreed that if it contained ten righteous, He would spare that city great from the fruits of disobedience, and its dire predicted fate. When He could not even ten find, out of all the people there, down from Heav'n He sent two angels, that He might Lot's fam'ly spare. But Lot's sons by marriage mocked him; said that he must let them be; Even Lot, his wife, and daughters, seemed in no great haste to flee; so the angels had to hold them by their hands and lead them out—Leaving their "dear home" behind them; their belongings all about! When they'd brought them out the city, these directions plain they gave, "Look not back! escape nor tarry! or your lives will not save!" God would have them up the mountain, but poor Lot said, "I would die; He preferred a plain salvation; not one sanctified and high! Just like many a modern Christian, who will rent a house at Zoar, And then wonder at the leanness of their souls, and why they're poor! When the Lord made one concession, Mrs. Lot thought she could halt; So she looked back, 'tis related, and became a picce of salt! And right down the countless ages, this a warning word has been— "Oh, remember Lot's wife!" Comrades, may God keep our memory green! Then the fire rained down on Sodom; Abram saw the sight so grand— It was like a fiery furnace, lighting up for miles the land. And, between the fire and Zoar, for the sake of just one fault, She, who had escaped from Sodom, had been turned to lifeless salt!

Disobedience banished Satan, from 'tis said, the realms of bliss; And, since then, what countless shipwrecks, have first sprung a leak through this. There was Eve, then many others, far too numerous to tell; From one disobedient action, they have drifted on to hell. Some from sin have been converted (notwithstanding what *they* say, Who say that if once converted, you must get there *anyway*!) And have left Destruction City, 'till, it may be, greed or pride, Has again their feet entangled—turned their pilgrimage aside. So with Lot's wife; 'tis not stated, why she foolishly look'd back, But, I guess, she had forgotten dresses that she thought she'd lack; Ribbons, ruffles, golden trinkets; p'raps it was the silver plate! Or her darling little poodle, she remembered rather late! Ah! if she had died like "Flossy," she had only missed her goal, But, unlike her little poodle, she had an immortal soul, Which must live, God says, for ever; live in woe or live in bliss— Though some learned theologians have learnt how to question this!

Reader! tell me, where do *you* stand—are you a backslider, say? Or have you not yet left Sodom; halting, half-inclined to stay? Hurry up! leave your belongings! tarry not, nor dare look back; Fire and brimstone, death and judgment—these, God says, are on your track.

Soon will pass the fleeting moments, soon the earth he as a scroll— Though you gain all, will it profit, if you lose your precious soul?

You, backslider! who once started—wore our uniform, may be: Satan has again enthralled you, after Christ had set you free; You're not happy, though you hide it; hide with smiles your aching heart— Come to Jesus! He'll receive you; come, and make another start!



A SUNDAY IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

A Victorious Day.

ST. JOHNS I., Nfld.—Souls are still getting saved at No. 1, and God is helping us in a wonderful way. Sunday was indeed a blessing to all present. We started at 7 a.m. with a burning desire for God and souls, and God came very near to us. We let down the Gospel net on the right side, and at the holiness meeting we captured five souls—one for pardon and four for the blessing of a clean heart. We sang again at 7, Adjutant Unye, giving out the first song, "Oh, turn ye." Adjutant McLean's subtle way, "Lot's wife," God wonderfully helped him to reach the hearts of the sinners. We then started to take in the net, and thank God, we captured 11 souls, making a total of 16 for the day. The soldiers danced for joy. One thing that caught my eye was Ensign Baker. How the Ensign did dance. It would do you good to see him. We had 300 attendance in the open-air, and 1,803 attendance indoors, with over \$300 collection for the day. The band is doing fine, also the J. S. work under the direction of Agn. Cave, who is the right man in the right place. All round the work is rolling on. Monday night we had a farewell meeting of Cadet Harding, who for sometime has worked as a soldier in this corps. She said goodbye for the Training Garrison. God bless the new Cadet. We closed the meeting with two more souls in the net.—M. Jones, Capt.

NEXT WEEKI

... SPECIAL ...

Harvest Festival
War Cry

... SAME PRICE

Beware of the Unreal.

"Any theory which leads men to suppose that they are safe without being actually saved is the most dreadful of all."

"Such a theory adds an additional opiate to the deceit of the heart, and prevents the truth from troubling the conscience. Now, the only use of appealing to the understandings of the unregenerate is that through their understandings you may get to their hearts; but if Satan has blinded their minds by some intellectual opiate there is no chance. The understanding is darkened, the conscience seared and the soul paralyzed."

"A man is either saved or not, the fact is independent of his theory, and it is of comparatively little consequence what his theory may be if he be saved. Hence, many savages and Catholics have rejected in consciousness of pardon, while many evangelicals have never known it. A man is either under the dominion of sin, or else he is delivered from it. If he is under the dominion of sin, what an awful theory is that which makes him believe he is saved! Could the devil have invented a more damning theory than that? And yet, alas! alas! he abhors nothing so destructive through it, who otherwise would have taken alarm and begun to seek salvation."—Catherine Booth.

A nineteen-year-old Kansas boy sealed the Pekin walls first with a rope, and so effected an entrance into that ancient city. The soldier boy was also a Salvationist.

"What an inveterate tendency there is in the human heart to trust in outward forms, instead of seeking the inward grace! And where this is the case, what a hindrance, rather than help, have these forms proved to growth, nay, to the very existence of that spiritual life which constitutes the real and only force of Christian experience."—Catherine Booth.

(Read from)

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Harvest Festival
War Cry
SAME PRICE

Beware of the Unreal

"Any theory which leads men to suppose that they are safe without being actually saved is the most dreadful of all." "Such a theory adds an additional platitude to the deceit of the heart, and prevents the truth from troubling the conscience. Now, the only use of appealing to the understanding of the unregenerate is that through their understanding you may get to their hearts; and if Satan has 'blinded their minds' by some intellectual opiate there is no chance. The understanding is darkened, the conscience seared, and the soul paralysed."

"A man is either saved or not, the one is independent of his theory, and it is of comparatively little consequence that his theory may be if he be saved. Hence, many savages and Catholics have refuted in a consciousness of salvation, while many evangelicals have never known it. A man is either under the dominion of sin, or else he is delivered from it. If he is under the dominion of sin, what an awful theory is that which makes him believe he is saved! Could the devil have invented a more amazing theory than that? And yet, alas! also he allures millions to destruction through it, who otherwise would have taken alarm and begin to seek salvation."—Catherine Booth.

A nineteen-year-old Kansas boy scaled the Pekin walls first with a rope, and so effected an entrance late that night. The soldier boy was also a Bachelor.

"What an inveterate tendency there is in the human heart to trust in outward arms, instead of seeking the inward grace! And where this is the case, there is a hindrance, rather than help, here. These forms proved to be worth, nay, to the very existence of that spiritual life which constitutes the real and only force of the Christian experience."—Catherine Booth.

The World, the Flesh, and the Devil.

(To our frontispiece.)

By COLONEL HAY, Chief Secretary for Great Britain.

(Read from Joshua x., 15th to 27th)

I want to describe, if I can, something very much akin to the five kings who fought against Joshua and the conquering Israelites.

We took, have a battle. There is no man here worth his salt who has not had a battle from the moment he got converted, and who will not have one until he puts his head on his dying pillow. If any of you have ceased to have a battle, and do not intend to have any more, you might communicate to us about it, as to how it has come about; it would be very interesting indeed to know how to be in this world and yet have no fight!

(After referring to the time when it was easier for the devil to damn souls, the Colonel pointed out that when Christ finished salvation, and the Holy Ghost came in full measure into the world, Satan had to work harder to damn the soul, and he introduced other powers in addition to his own dark agency.)

The Prince of Darkness.

I want to describe some of these powers. First of all, we have the devil himself, the foundation cause of all the evil in the world. He is known to all of us who are converted, and we have to fight him. He fights a hard and resolute battle. He has not an eight-hour day; he has to be on duty all the time. The prince of the power of the air, the tempter of souls, the ruler of young boys and girls, works continually. He is like the human heart: never discharged from work.

Oh! remember this: the devil, the king of the damned, is just as much the opponent of your soul to-day as he was twenty years ago. And as his time gets shorter, and his chain gets made for him, his work becomes all the more earnest and thorough.

The World.

Next, we have the world. The devil has tried temptations through the mind of many men, and the man himself, by the power of the Holy Ghost, remained untouched. He brings in another power—he brings in the world; alluring, charming, wooing. Has it ever occurred to you that an apparently simple and harmless thing the world is, and yet what a ruling power it possesses? It is not considered seriously out of place to do as your next-door neighbor does; it is not a bad thing, on the face of it, that you should live like the people in your street, dress in similar clothes, eat similar food, laugh at the same things, eat at the same things, and follow the same fancies and pleasures. And yet, living like your neighbor, and going with the crowd, is the spirit of the world. "And if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him."

Some here can say, however, "I don't care what anybody thinks of me, nor whether I am dressed in a suit, or a red shirt, or a black shirt, in good uniform or not uniform." You are quite indifferent to what the people think about you, and have the courage to stand alone in your street, and be a sort of odd fellow, quite unconcerned as to what anybody thinks about you, and the power of the devil in this direction does not affect you.

When the devil discovers that you are above being overcome by the world, he tries another power another king.

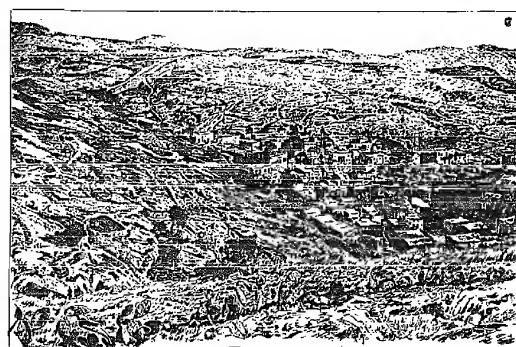
The Flesh.

What is the other king? The other king is the flesh. Now, it does not seem, on the face of it, a very dreadful thing that a man should follow his natural appetites; why should he be blamed for gratifying them? He did not make his red-hot temper; why should he blame himself for giving it rein? He did not wish for a lustful, boorish nature, evereping after things that are base; he was sent into the world with it. Is it, then, a very bad thing that a man should follow it? The devil adopts this negative method of reasoning, even with men who appear to be very religious. Strange as it may sound, it is nevertheless true, that the devil manages

to lead some apparently good people far astray. He gets them to yield to the flesh.

The flesh might be treated in two or three ways. You see it in its very natural fashion in the hogfish, sleep; when I want to eat, I will eat; when I want to indulge this passion, I will indulge it—that is the grossest life of the flesh. We have it in other forms some of which are very marked. We have a fresh king coming up in the Salvation Army who tries to get at you by saying, "You work very hard, you ought not to go out this afternoon; take two hours' sleep." Consideration for the flesh very often knocks over a good man. In that way, I do not say for every man it would be wrong, but there are some men whom the flesh has overcome in this fashion, who sleep when they ought to be at work; who do nothing, when they ought to be bringing penitent souls to God.

Sometimes we find the flesh in the form of taking vengeance, which expresses itself in this way, "I'll pay him out," "I'll never speak to him or her."



NAZARETH (PRESENT DAY VIEW).

The devil has another very powerful and cunning king. We have already looked at three kings—the devil, the world, and the flesh. Here we have another, a king united to these three for the purpose of wrecking a man's soul, damning the man who has been converted, and drawing away from the Cross the very sanctified—that is, the power of friends. Oh, the young men I have known in the Salvation Army who hadn't the pluck to go against their friends! Oh, the young women I have known who had no power to go against their friends! Oh, the fathers I have known who had no spirit and courage enough to raise a family altar because they were afraid of their own blood! They don't go to the Lord; they don't fall under the hand of the flesh. The Lord has saved them from these, and they don't want to go to the way of the world. When friends visit them, however, they bid them they are not!

Now, you would be a very poor relative indeed—whether son, cousin, or uncle—if you had not a burning desire in your heart for the salvation of your friends. But, oh! if any of you are overcome by their likes, wants, and desires, and are limiting your work for God and your devotion for the world by what they like and want, then I pronounce you as being in danger of being captured by that king and put into very queer corner some day. The Lord deliver you!

The "Religious" Devil.

There is another king. He is different in his dress, and style, and manner, and conduct, but I think you will discover him. His name (I am almost reluctant to name it, yet, it is the truth) is Religion. You can carry out all the outward performances of being an acceptable Salvationist, and be not

worth a grain of salt to the poor dying world. I mean to say that you can so attend to the outward performance of a Salvation soldier's life, and have a great yearning gap in your own soul all the time as to be no good at all to the world, simply putting on the outward uniform, and the outward guise and conduct of a Salvation Army soldier. It is possible to be a Salvation Army soldier in uniform, and be very little good to the world. I mean to say that to be a soldier, and be very little good. It is possible to be a bardsman, and all the time the greatest thing in your religious life is that you are outwardly

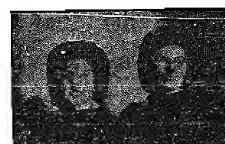
resembling the flesh. We have it in these five kings, and shall I—a poor soul like I am, or like you—how shall any of us be free from the power of all these kings that have combined against us?

And yet I want to tell you this, that no weapon or power of king or prince, dairi or sword, bullet or canon—none of the powers that rise up against the soul of a man who has yielded to God, and who really has in his heart surrendered everything—shall overcome him. It is a great thing to say, but, blessed be God, it is a fact.

The Gospel of Conquest.

I see something every day of my life to prove it—that the world has no power over me.

We read that Joshua managed to get hold of these kings, and he



Capt. Wick and Lieut. Lenwick, Edmonton, N.W.T.

and not skulk and shiver as if some one was about to hit them with a blisk.

We have got to see that people know we are religious immediately we get into the Jersey, or when we put our caps on.

Hang Them.

One word more. These five kings hang up until the evening. Hang your klogs up until the evening of your life, which may be fifty-five years hence, or only twenty-four hours. First, put your foot on their necks, and then swing them up. And when you go to sleep you can say, "There's the devil." He troubles me sometimes, but thank God, he is hung up. There they are: the devil, the world, the flesh, friends, and formal religion. Some people don't see them go about as blind as bats; but I have seen them all. You should be able to add: "But God has helped me to get the mastery over them, and my heart is clean and pure."

What is Fashion?

"Now, what is fashion? What does the term mean? It means the world's way of having things and the world's way of doing things. When we look abroad on the great majority of men and women around us we see that they are utterly godless, foolish, and untrue, and yet the majority always fixes the fashion. It is not the few, the rich, the famous, the eminent men and women who want to serve God and help humanity, who fix the fashion; it is always the majority. Consequently, you see fashion is always diametrically opposed to God's way of having things and God's way of doing things. Therefore, the votaries of fashion cannot possibly be the servants of God! There is no getting away from that conclusion."—Catherine Booth.

Christ's Valuation of Men.

What Jesus implicitly denied at every turn—by His teaching and His deeds—is that there is no room for any unnecessary final waste in humanity. Just as the progress of salvation is marked by the recovery or utilization of what was thought to be worthless stuff, so that out of what was most unsightly is now brought fair colors, so Jesus proposes to make likewise saints out of these forsaken sinners. As a great spiritual inventor, Jesus moved among the residuum of His day, with quick eye and hopeful heart, touching and handling it with deftness and understanding. Nothing of God's human work must be counted worthless; in the end nothing of it will be dung away. Lost, is a word with two meanings; with the Pharisees it was a description—east away; with Jesus it was a prophecy—going to be found.

Next Sunday

IS THE

Harvest
Festival
Sunday

"Salvation Hot Time."

What the Helena "Daily Record" Calls by that Name: Major and Mrs. Hargrave's Visit to the Montana Capital Graphically Described - An Interview with the Major.

[Extracts from the Helena Daily Record.]

The usual popular melodies adopted to Salvation Army songs attracted an interested group of men and boys on upper Main Street last night. It was something more than the everyday occasion, for Major Hargrave was there, and the visit of a high officer of the Army has always made an event of more than ordinary interest.

Just out from the church stood a circle of men wearing square-cut coats, and several women attired in closely-litning blue dresses and bonnets that for the only decoration had a piece of black ribbon crossed by a strip of ret-tattered silk bearing the insignia of the Army. They sang as a shower of nickels, dimes and quarters fell on the big bass drum. A stout man played the concert, and played "Hot Time" while the chorus sang:

"Salvation is the best thing in the world."

There was more of it, but it all fitted the tune. "There'll be a hot time."

In the centre of the group stood a vigorous singer, a small, red-coated man, who wore shoulder straps and seemed to inspire the others with his enthusiasm. He was Major Hargrave, of Spokane, chief divisional officers of a large western territory, of which Montana is a part. By his side was Mrs. Hargrave, a typical Salvationist, sweet-faced and demure, in the hum-ble garb of the army.

"Friends, you have given us \$1,10," announced one of the singers. "We are grateful to you for this assistance, but we want you more than your money. Come with us to our meeting, and we will do you good. All come - everyone come."

A Drunkard's Testimony.

The cornet player struck up a rousing tune and the little band filed into the hall at the South Main Street, while part of the hangers-on retreated to the Central beer hall next door, and enough followed the singers to fill the meeting-place.

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"Will someone give a word of testimony?" asked Major Hargrave, after the music had given way to the speaker.

"I thank God that I am here to-night; He saved me from sin and a drunkard's grave. Since I found Jesus I have not had a thrill for liquor. Praise Him," said a man who wore a Grand Army button and kept time to the music with the bass drum. That bit of testimony was followed by a dozen voices, "Praise God!"

To the tune of "We won't go home till morning," the Army chorus sang:

"We'll never get drunk any more."

"Sister Sutherland will sing while the collection is being taken," announced Major Hargrave. The basket went up one aisle and down the other until it had been passed to all.

"We need \$5 cents more to pay Major Hargrave's traveling expenses. The Great Northern Railroad is for our benefit, but we cannot ride free," announced the Ensign. Around went the basket again, and Major Hargrave's fare was paid.

Several of the Army losses passed down the aisle selling War Crys, but the edition was not exhausted and a second canvas was made, with better success.

- ♪ -

Major Hargrave spoke briefly.

"The blood of Jesus Christ flowed to save sinful men," he began. "Christ is able to save us if we will only put our faith in Him, and He can save the drunkard."

Contra-dicted the Preacher.

"He can't save me," shouted a man with a jag, defiantly, as he reeled down towards the door.

"Yes, He can, my friend: He will save you."

"I know (d) I am a drunkard, but I can't save me," and with this the man passed out of the door.

"Well, we don't do our work in the newspapers, although we are very glad of their assistance," said Major Hargrave to the Record last night. "Yes, I will tell you how I came to join the Salvation Army. I was born in England and I left home when a young man, and took my letter to a London church. It was cold, and I felt that I had been given the cold shoulder. I walked down town and attended a meeting of the Salvation Army, and joined that night. This was twenty years ago, and I have been an officer fourteen years.

"I do not anticipate that our services will be required in China, but if the situation becomes serious we will go to the Orient to follow up the work of the Red Cross there. In South Africa, during the Boer war, the Salvation Army was given more privileges and treated with great consideration. Following the Red Cross, we are able to do a great deal of good, and many of our best workers have been in the Transvaal and the Orange Free State since last October.

"This time of the year, of course, our meetings are not as well attended as in the winter. We have visited a dozen cities since leaving Spokane, and I am well satisfied with the progress of the work.

"The Rescue Home, which was transferred from Helena to Butte nine months ago, is being successfully conducted there, and of all the cases cared for, but two have been unsatisfactory. The work is an excellent line of activity for the Army, and until good is done in rehabilitating wayward girls. To-morrow night we will be in Great Falls, and we go from there to Kalispell."

One feature of the meeting was the consecration of the infant daughter of Euston and Mrs. Cummings. The little one was held by the father while Major Hargrave delivered the charge to the parents, in which he admonished them to be strong in the faith, and rear the young Salvationist away from the temptations of the world in every form, and as a child of the Army the little one should grow up to womanhood surrounded only by Christian influences.

Ensign and Mrs. Cummings reaffirmed their acceptance of the articles of faith of the Salvation Army, and responded in the affirmative to the questions put by Major Hargrave.

MOSES MOSSBACK AT A FLAG SIGNAL MEETING.

Dear Mister Editor, -

Gues as 'ow yer wuz wonderin' of I wuz alive or no. Well, I am alpy ter tel yer Moses alpy ded yet. Ther rea-ry didn't hear frum me wuz be-cause I've been so busy gettin' settled down sence comin' frum this countr. I'm glad thar Army is evr, it seans like old times ter go ter meetin'. Then I ave cum aerosols evr folks from the East. And only jest lately who shud cum ter take charge of the Witimper corpus, but an old fren'd ov mine, Argentor McAmmond.

But wot I wuz goin' ter tel yer about wuz the pekkler meetin' I wuz in 'tother nite. I seen the annunments was a flag signal meetin' by Capt. Smith. You know I, I used ter attend is meetin's down East. Well, this meetin' wuz jest fer me as I had 4 brothers wot as said ther hainly deep. Then seenem' who fixed their grate; there wuz the larbur in their distance, with ther litte shinin' along ther shore, and ther big Riebourn with the colored littes on top ov it, and a big ocean steamer with its green and red littes shinin' on the water. Little in front ov the platform wuz a hute rigg'd up with mast, ropes, and flags.

Major Hargrave spoke briefly.

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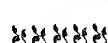
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Capt. Smith's Flag Signal Service.



SERGT. CLIFF,
of Hamilton I.

Recently promoted
to Glory.



dinner. They came, and a clergyman, who was an inmate, was asked to say grace. All sat down, and grace. All sat down, and the dinner passed off as quietly and pleasantly as could be wished.

Exhibition Sunday

AT THE TEMPLE

Brigadier Gaskin Leads in the Morning and Afternoon - Lieut.-Col. Margaret Conducts the Memorial Service of Mrs. Staff-Capt. Phillips at Night.

they Capin wuz dressed in a sailor's suit fer suit the ockashun. After the first song the Capin runs up ther signal flags ov different shapes and colors, wich he explained ther meaning ov. In between the explanations and stories ov ther sea, their wuz songs and solos sing, and the band playd some hooflin' music. I tell yer, it wuz grare, especially when he told how the good ship Salavashun wud take yer safe through ter heaven, with Jesus on her pilot yer through. The Capin got a picter taken ov it, and give it ter me ter send to you. He said yer evr stick it on the War Cry so as people could see fer themselves ov it looked. If yer evr git a chance, Mister Editor, to see this service fer ter go: It id do ye good.

Guess I won't be mire at ther present. Will write ye again wen I ain't buzzzy. Yours truly,

Moses Mossback.

THE SWEET NOW-AND-NOW.

(While at Barre Brigadier Pugnizer, in the course of his remarks, said something about the sweet now-and-now, whereupon the following verses were written by J. S. Sergt.-Major Veale.)

What would we have thought in the days that I'm living

The Spirit of God would come to my soul,

And give me assurance that my sins are forgiven.

And that I am saved in the sweet now-and-now.

It's a promise of God which I have accepted,

And met the conditions that go with the same,

And that's how I know in my heart

That Jesus does save in the sweet now-and-now.

It's a promise of God which I have accepted,

And met the conditions that go with the same,

And that's how I know in my heart

That Jesus does save in the sweet now-and-now.

That Jesus does save in the sweet now-and-now.

COMFORTED THE INSANE.

Elizabeth Fry not only worked hard for the bettering of the condition of prisoners, but also for the improvement of asylums for the insane.

John Howard, and others, had seen a glimmering ray of truth through the fog of ignorance concerning insanity. The belief was growing that insane people were really not possessed with devils, after all. Yet still, the cell system, strait-jacket, and hoods-ends were in great demand. In no asylum were prisoners allowed to eat at tables. Food was given to each in the basins, without spoons, knives, or forks. Glass dishes and china plates were considered especially dangerous; they told of one man who, in an insane fit, had cut his throat with a plate, and another who had swallowed a spoon.

Visiting an asylum at Worcester, Mrs. Fry saw the inmates receive their food, and crouched on the floor, eating like wild beasts. She asked the chief warden for permission to try an experiment. He dubiously granted it. With the help of several of the inmates she arranged a long table, covered it with spotless linen, brought by herself, placed bouquets of wild-flowers on the table, and set it as she did at her own home. Then she invited twenty of the patients to

The Memorial Service.

We were looking forward to a great meeting on the Sunday evening, especially so after having such a good time all day, and seeing Lieut.-Colonel Margaret was going to be with us, our hopes were high for a successful meeting. Neither were we disappointed. The open-air was of a bright and striking character, and the crowds that stood around could not help but enjoy them. The mid-night meeting was a very touching service in many respects. The opening song, "Behold, gather in the river," was sung with great force by the large crowd that gathered in the Temple. After prayer by Staff-Capt. Archibald and Mrs. Turner, the Colonel called on Mrs. Gaskin to sing one of Mrs. Phillips' favorite solos, which was listened to very attentively. Staff-Capt. Archibald sang "When the roll is called up yonder," which was another favorite song of Mrs. Phillips'. The Colonel's address on the life and death of our departed comrade was listened to with breathless attention by the large crowd, in spite of the great heat. Mrs. Margaret also spoke of the glorious life and triumphant death of our comrade. At the close of the prayer meeting two solo's were found crying to God for mercy, and we believe they found it. W. Peacock.

IN NEW QUARTERS.

"Mount of Blessings," Chillicothe, Ohio, is the site of a beautiful location recently obtained, at cor. Ringgold and Young Streets, at Mt. Auburn, overlooking the city, and only a few minutes' ride from the Post Office and the depots, by Rev. M. W. Knapp, Editor of the Revivalist, for a Bible School and Missionary Training Home. This will be the headquarters of, and the Revivalist work. That term of the School opens September 27th.

(Continued)

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EXHIBITION SUNDAY AT THE TEMPLE

Admiral Gaskin Leads in the Morning and
Afternoon—Lieut.-Col. Margetts Conducts
the Memorial Service of Mrs. Staff-Capt.
Captain Phillips at Night.

An account of Sunday coming in the life of the great Fair which is now on in Toronto, the Provincial Capital, Brigadier Gaskin, thought it would be a good idea to arrange a series of meetings. Amongst the number arranged for was a special service at the Temple, the Brigadier conducted him.

He was assisted by Mrs. Gaskin, and Mrs. Turner and others, morning and afternoon meetings conducted by the Brigadier, and a evening meeting, which took the form of a memorial meeting for our country. Mrs. Staff-Capt. Phillips, conducted by Lieut.-Colonel and Margetts, and assisted by Brigadier Gaskin, and the other officers concerned above.

A holiness meeting was a time of joy, and we believe those who privileged to be present will not forget the soul-inspiring address which the Brigadier favored us. The afternoon meeting was also a affair, both indoor and out-door. An open-air was conducted by Major, and evidently much enjoyed by the crowd that stood around. The failed to upset the just meeting. It turned out that he didn't get his own way. We also had

In the afternoon an old man, in the person of "Tom" Marion, who fought in the corps for a number of years, during which time he was auster for a considerable time. We are all glad to see him, and also Major Webb, who came along from "the other side." Tom is the same straightforward, saving Salvationist as he was with us at the Temple; I believe he is more in earnest now. God bless him!

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The first and death of our son, who was listened to with attention by the large crowd of the great meet. Mrs. also spoke of the glorious unfruitful death of our com- the close of the prayer meetings were found crying to her, and we believe they N. Peacock.

NEW QUARTERS.

"Blessings" Club, site of a beautiful location, situated at 100 Bloor Street, at Mt. Auburn, the city, and only from the Post Office and by Rev. M. W. Knapp, a Revivalist, for a Bible Missionary Training School will be the headquarters the Revivalist work. First School opens September



(Continued from last week.)

One or two words from my experience, with regard to the little cues, and I will pass on.

1. LET US PUT DEFINITE CONVERSION BEFORE THEM! I was saved when eleven years old, in a public meeting, at a crowded penitentary; but long before that time I had been to Jesus again and again, according to the light I had, and I had placed my will at His feet, and with tears, had told Him of my longing to be good.

But when I went to my mother and told her of my desire to be definite in my salvation, she did not disapprove me or tell me that she was not the "way all right, or speak to me of my past efforts and good ways. She recognized God's call, as in the case of Samuel, and encouraged me to carry my burden of contrition and longing to Jesus' feet, and to claim the salvation that He had purchased for me on the cross.

Let us labor for the children's conversion, for that change of heart which brings with the little ones, even as it does with those of mature years, the change of life—that unmistakable evidence of the work of God.

In writing upon this subject, our beloved General, my honored father, has said, "Some of the boldest and most energetic soldiers of the Cross that have ever lived have been converted and prepared for lives of usefulness with children. As I often say, I might have been a faithful junior myself when only six or seven years old, had anyone been at the trouble to seek me out and truth me."

Yes, as we value the happiness and well-being of our children on earth, as we value their future toll and conquest in behalf of a perishing world, as we value their peace of conscience on a dying bed, and as we value their entrance into the eternal home beyond, let us place the importance of their soul's salvation before them while they are young. Let them see our anxiety in the matter, and that will help to kindle like feeling in their own souls; let us love and weep and wrestle and labor, and believe that our efforts are rewarded and our children are saved.

2. LET US PLACE BEFORE THEM IN EVERY BEST AND MOST ATTRACTIVE MANNER THE DUTY AND JOY AND GLORY OF BEING A SOLDIER!

Having chosen the service of Christ for ourselves, surely, there is nothing more precious that we would desire for our children than the same path that we tread. A bold, out-and-out following of Christ, where at every turn in life's pathway they will find something definite and fresh to do for our Master, will save our boys and girls from ten thousand snares set by the enemy for their young and tender feet.

"But do you not think," said a mother to me one little time back, "that children ought to have the opportunity of choosing for themselves?"

I said, "Not in the first instance; God has not laid upon them the responsibility of that choice, whereas He has laid it upon us as their special guide, to choose for them!"

My comrades, let us choose for them until such time as our longing and prayer and labor shall be rewarded in seeing them choose for themselves; and verily, there will be infinitely less disappointment and bitter regret among the Christian parents regarding their children's choice in this matter than exists at the present time.

3. HAVE PATIENCE WITH THE CHILDREN.

With some we will have to create a

very ground with their over-abundance of fruit!

WHAT HAS HAPPENED?

From broken bough we travel to broken stem, only to find that the once neatly kept greenery strewn with the evidences of wreckage; and thus the pride of the country for miles around, only stand to day to speak of the rich harvest of the past and of the "what might have been" in the present! So. In the numberless instances of which these two illustrations are, feebly speak, we see the withering influences and effects of blight and decay.

How can these things be, you ask? And so you ask regarding other spheres than those of the natural world?

Why this backsliding in the life of the once bright and promising young convert? Why the barren appearance of this once flourishing corps? Why the sudden blight upon this lovely heart and home? Why the leader fallen, why the follower lost heart? Why the energy no more, the ardor chilled, the sympathies dried up, the courage departed as in a single night, the promise of a life that filled one, thins, even heaven with expectation and earth with hope, blighted, blasted, destroyed?

Why? Ah, a thousand reasons will be given you, and much the same as in the natural world. One will tell you it was a misfortune; "freeze," as they say in the South, "came late, and our hopes were crushed in less than twenty-four hours."

And as those warm-hearted South-

WHAT ABOUT H. F.?

Do You Wish to Make Your Harvest Festival a Success?

Time is carrying us along, saved and destined. "The devil's plan is to keep men's minds so occupied that they may not think where they are going. He gets them to lose sight of the fact that they are going at all."

These Harvest Thanksgivings are stations on the line. Let us get hold of the sinner, shake him up from his book, his pleasure, or his map, and compel him to notice the stations on the line, and realize the true meaning of life's journey.

If you were traveling a long distance by motor car, on a road you did not know, every mile stone you passed would bring home to you the speed you were traveling, and remind you of the end.

Harvest Thanksgivings are milestones on the road to Eternity. Let us drink in this lesson ourselves, and then rub it into others.

It is a mistake to suppose that sinners are miserable about their sins, or go about under conviction. Some do, and all have occasional visitations, but the ordinary condition is unconcern, forgetfulness, occupation with other things. They are full of plans for clothing, pleasing, and befitting themselves. They live in the present moment and are among those who "forget God."

Now, if you can arouse the sinner's attention to the fact that apart from sudden death, he is being carried down the stream of time, by night and day, while he is eating, drinking, sleeping, working or pleasureing, then you may accomplish something.

These Harvest Thanksgivings are landmarks by the river edge that serve to show his progress.

Crowds and Money?

But say you, "Are we to go for the crowds?" Certainly. Nothing has been said here or elsewhere that implies to the contrary. How can you suite the sheet unless he is to suite.

The Harvest Festival is your bait. Make it as attractive as possible. Advertise. If you haven't started, begin now. Plan for it. Talk about it. Work for it. Pray and believe.

Money? Certainly. We need money both in the corps and Headquarters. There is no necessary hostility between souls and sovereigns. Both can be run together, so that the one helps the other.

Get the unsaved to give, and they become interested, a kind of partner in the concern, and are so much nearer giving themselves to God. God saves people to give, and the habit grows upon them, and blesses both themselves and others. We need money; the work of God requires it.

New Ideas?

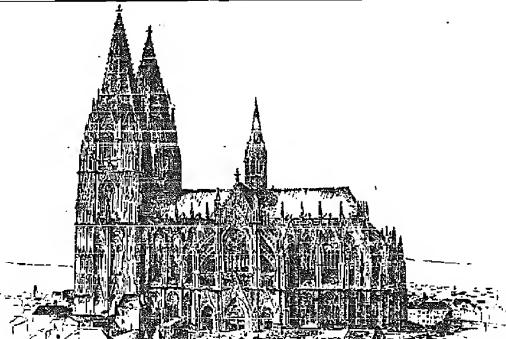
New ideas? Empathically, YES. There is plenty of room. We are not at the end of the chapter by a long, long way. We are only just beginning. Oh, the joy of doing a new thing! Strike out for yourself. Don't jog around year after year in the same old groove—improve on the past, and add to it something original. People like fresh things, and will come to see them.

Platform decorations? Certainly. Wind-mills in motion are not sinful; neither are farm-yards. Within reasonable limits, there is nothing moral nor immoral about decorations and scenes; any more than in whitewash. It attracts an audience, then it is

Therefore, beloved, build your cottage, barn, or wind-mill, and plan your farm-yard, or harvest field with a clear conscience. The only thing that is hateful and forbidden is going on year after year doing the same old wearisome things.

Yes, we hope and trust and believe that your Harvest Festival will be a downright success.

Then, when you have got the shiners to look at them. All this, as we have said before, is the bait, and you are fishers of men. Get the hook well into their jaws, and land them in the Gospel vessel.—The F. O.



THE COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.

sonal example and influence, and with an abundance of the Spirit's power, let patience do her "perfect work," and those buds shall blossom as the rose, and the wilderness of young, barren hearts around us shall become as a well-watered garden, shall blossom abundantly and rejoice with joy and singing.

There are sad strains that meet us even amid the clash of triumph and the melody of mirth which the song of the summer pours forth o'er mountain and dell alike, and perhaps the saddest of its pathetic notes are those that tell us of

"WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN"

We have hearkened to the music of the Harvest Home, we have listened to the thrilling treat of the threshing-floor, we have been fascinated by the happy hum of the busy-laden bees, the trees of the forest and the clapping of the song of the birds, as we have realized that the ripe sheaves of the natural world but portends the glad harvest of reward which crowns our toils and tears in the spheres of spiritual effort.

And yet, even amid the harvest's brightest achievements, as we trace the darker colorings of blight, and even while our eyes rest upon the faces of the harvesters, we mark the impress here and there of disappointment. But do you not think, said a mother to me one little time back, "that children ought to have the opportunity of choosing for themselves?"

I said, "Not in the first instance; God has not laid upon them the responsibility of that choice, whereas He has laid it upon us as their special guide, to choose for them!"

crucers repeated their tales of disaster which ruined in the one brief night a thousand homes, and destroyed a fortunes, in heart, pondering upon the tale they told, heard in the dismal echo that darker story of a myriad hearts who started with as fair a prospect and promise as ever graced the Southern orange grove, to serve the Lord. But

A FREEZE SET IN.

An unexpected misfortune overtook the Harvest Home, and the sorrow that might have lifted them higher and nearer to the heart of God, and created as it were a plateau beneath their feet, from which they should have better shone for Christ and shipwrecked souls, had been allowed to blight their hearts, do as their failure had availed their care for the Kingdom, leaving only in letters of dark defeat across their blighted lives, the dismal tale, "what might have been!"

Now, there are various storms that seem to me work this havoc, which start this hidden wreckage, which accomplish this terrible result, and I am sure I make no mistake in saying that the storm of sorrow, whether of misfortune, bereavement, or disappointment, is allowed even by God's professed followers to do much towards hurling it about. Nor need it be.

(To be concluded.)

The way that people treat the true ministers of Jesus is the way they treat Christ Himself, for Jesus very closely identifies Himself with His true servants.



Verse Topics.

GLUM RELIGION.

The religion of Jesus has in it no elements to render its possessor more, silent, unattractive, glum. It is essentially cheery, pleasant, joyous. It removes all that terribles and darkens, and substitutes whatever tends to lighten, beautify, sweeten, and make the heart leap for joy. The curse of sin is removed because it has been borne by Christ; the wrath of God towards the sinner has been quenched in the blood that cleanses from all sin; the sin that separated the son from God has been removed; the peace of God that passeth all understanding keeps the mind and heart; the spirit of love takes possession of the whole man: "the mountains and the hills break forth into Him into singing, and all the trees of the field clap their hands."

"There is now no condemnation to him;" "Christ dwells in his heart by faith;" "It is formed in him the hope of glory;" and "All things are His, because he is Christ's." He has the promises of God for everything that he needs on earth—safe conduct through the vale of death, and an eternal home with God and all blessed ones beyond.

What a falsifier of the Saviour: what a caricaturist of his Master; what a stumbling-block to others in the way to heaven; and what an offence to "the little ones" in Christ's fold is the professor who has nothing to exhibit but a gloom religion!

The Week's Ammunition.

SUNDAY.—"The Lord also will be a refuge for the oppressed, a refuge in times of trouble."—Ps. lx. 9.

In every difficulty and darkness, no matter how intricate or great, there can also be seen by the trusting soul a luminous sign, "This way out," pointing out the way to the safe refuge. Oppressed and hardshipped may come upon a Christian thick and heavy, on the right and the left, and from every direction, but they cannot cut off the way to hide in God, for the threads of heaven itself guard the line of communication with God.

MONDAY.—"Show me Thy ways, O Lord; I teach me Thy paths."—Ps. xxv. 4.

We often pray this prayer when in doubt, or impatient to know the way for some time ahead, when great issues hang upon the step we take. The Psalmist himself shows us to whom God will reveal His path, when he says in the ninth verse of the same Psalm, "The MEEEK will He guide in judgment; and the MEEK will He teach His way."

TUESDAY.—"Blessed are the pure in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven."—Matt. v. 8.

Too often those richly endowed in spiritual gifts create a kingdom of their own, and thereby separate themselves from the Empire of God—to their own sorrow. It is the submissive, the meek, the humble, the faithful, and enjoy in reality all the blessings that a citizen of the Kingdom of Heaven only can enjoy; for only in God's realm is justice, and mercy, and

kindness, and grandeur, and true happiness in existence.

WEDNESDAY.—"Except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God."—John iii. 3.

To become a citizen of heaven one must be born such, for there are no naturalization papers issued in that Kingdom. We inherit heaven by birthright only. We must therefore be born again into the Kingdom of this world, and be born again into the Heavenly Kingdom if we would serve God truly and be entitled to heaven.

TUESDAY.—"Blessed are those that mourn: for they shall be comforted."—Matt. v. 4.

Mourners are called blessed, not because that mourning in itself is a blessing, but that it works out a blessing. For in grief we find how utterly unable earthly friends are to understand us and to sympathize with us. It directs us to God, Who alone can give true comfort, and in the seeking and finding of that Divine comfort, our hearts are weaned of this world's enjoyments, and attach to things everlasting.

FRIDAY.—How sweet are thy words unto my taste! Yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth!"—Ps. exix. 103.

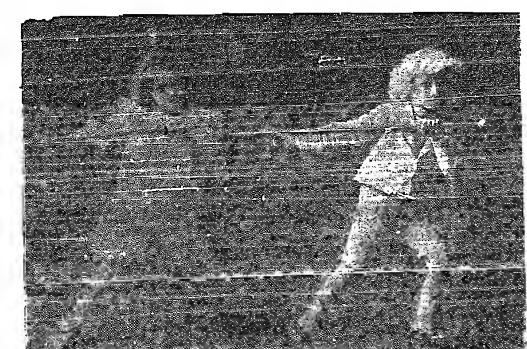
To the unregenerated and unrepentant sinner, the word of God is as gall. They cannot obtain food from it, having perverted appetites, and finding but undesired reproof and denunciation of their deeds in it. But to the children of God, His word always comes sweet to the taste, but batitious to the growth of the soul. It thrives and grows fat upon it, for it is, indeed, the bread of everlasting life.

SATURDAY.—"Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy." Matt. v. 7.

Those that give mercy, shall receive mercy abundantly. It is so in all things. That which we give freely we shall be freely supplied with, for the Lord loveth a cheerful giver, and liberally gives to those whom He doth trust as stewards to administer His blessings to the world. There is the greatest blessing in giving, for it compels God to supply all the need.

Says the Michigan Christian Advocate: "Everything that is immoral, everything that is criminal looks to the liquor trade as its best friend and patron."

I should rather, in the work of Jesus, have a bright and triumphant face and be a rejoicing Christian, than a learned professor or a liberal millionaire. The joy of the Lord is the strength of our service.



WILLIE AND PEARL, THE COMMISSIONER'S ORPHANS, IN THEIR BAR-BELL DRILL.

A River to Cross.

There's always a river to cross, Always an effort to make, If there's anything good to win, Any rich prize to take; Yonder's the fruit we crave, Yonder the charming scene; But deep and wide, with a troubled tide, Is the river that lies between.

For the treasures of precious worth We must patiently dig and dive; For the places we long to fill We must push, and struggle, and drive; And always and everywhere We'll find in our onward course, Thro' for the feet, and trials to meet, And a difficult river to cross.

The rougher the way that we take, The stouter the heart and the nerve; The sterner is our path we break, Nor e'er from our impulse swerve; For the glory we hope to win, Our labors we count no loss: 'Tis folly to pause and murmur, 'cause The river we have to cross.

So, ready to do and to dare, Should we in our places stand, Fulfilling the Master's will, Fulfilling the soul's demand; For though as the mountains high The billows may rear and toss, They'll not overwhelm if the Lord's at the helm— One more river to cross. —Josephine Pollard, in the Woman's Journal.

Organization's Value.

When we look at a daisy, dahlia, chrysanthemum, or sunflower, we do not behold a single flower, but what is really a colony or collection of small flowers, all arranged on a disk or head. Hundreds of perfect little flowers, all of high organization and development, are thus massed together. If the small floret of a daisy or dahlia grew singly, solitarily, it would fail to attract insects, and most likely die out; therefore nature has bunched together in one crown a large number of individually small flowers, so that in combination they may become conspicuous and attractive, and thus insure strength and perpetuation.

So, too, and the law of association and mutualism everywhere, securing to each individual life, energy, security, and permanence. In the world of men, as in the world of plants, the social law prevails, and through combination and co-operation we realize the fullness of life and blessedness. And in the kingdom of souls we witness the highest expressions of the social law—we are perfected only through fellowship.

I should rather, in the work of Jesus, have a bright and triumphant face and be a rejoicing Christian, than a learned professor or a liberal millionaire. The joy of the Lord is the strength of our service.

What a Soldier Should Know.

Love Your Comrades.

The Salvation soldier must love his comrades. It is impossible for any soldier to rightly discharge his duties unless he loves his brethren.

They may not be all to desires. They may not be perfect. They are a long way off being as good and devoted as they ought to be. They may not treat him or others with the kindness and patience that they should, and they may not be as earnest in their desire for the salvation of souls. They are desirable, but, nevertheless, they are the best people God has on earth, they have the most of His Spirit and character, and the most zeal in His service.

Can You Find Their Batters?

If he does not believe this of them, he should at once join the people whom he thinks are better than they are, but if he does not better, he ought to love them.

Moreover, there are plenty who will hate them, and do them all manner of evil, and the honest, therefore, that he can do for his comrades is to love them as Jesus Christ has loved him, and to help them in the fight they have to make against sin and the devil to the utmost of his ability.

You are Your Brother's Keeper.

He should, therefore, be kind to them, endeavoring always to have a pleasant look and a loving word when he meets them, whether in the street, in the barracks, or anywhere else.

He should watch over them and protect their earthly interests, aiding them in business and family matters as far as he has the opportunity. If he is older, or wiser, or more experienced, he should cheerfully let his comrades have the advantage of the same.

Bear with You Comrade's Infatuations.

He must bear with their infatuations, making all due allowance for their ignorance, prejudices, and inexperience, and so be patient when they act contrary to what he thinks is right, and for the profit of the corps, carefully explaining to them why he thinks it the best course to be taken in such matters. This he should do in a spirit that will not be likely to offend or turn any of them out of the way.

You Need not Excuse Wrong.

He will reprove them when they are wrong. He will not suffer them to go astray in look, word, or deed, without striving to bring them to see their fault, and to acknowledge it, and seek power for deliverance in the future.

He will do all this in the spirit of humility and meekness, not bawling or domineering over his brethren, or saying or doing anything in such a spirit as will be calculated to hinder the good effects that he seeks to accomplish.

Give Encouragement.

He will encourage his brethren in the practice of all goodness and in the discharge of every duty. He will bear that sorrows and difficulties lie in the path of every man, woman, or child that wants to serve God and save souls, and that numbers are continually ceasing to fight or falling out of the ranks altogether through losing heart.

Search for the Best in Man.

He will, therefore, be ever ready not to find fault and show up imperfections, but to discover what is good and true in his brethren, and try and encourage them to persevere.

No soldiers are more upright in a corps than those who walk up and down it, cheering and encouraging everybody in it. A warm shake of the hand and a kind word to a soldier who is battling with disengagement, and on the verge of despair, will often do more for him than a long sermon, and perhaps save him from losing heart altogether.

God wants a ministry of gladness. The hungry world and the half-starved church are attracted only by radiant faces and over-flowing hearts.

EVERY

About Husbands: The

RESPONSIBILITY

(Continued)

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GAZETTE.

PROMOTIONS—

Lieut. Mind Trifton, Summerside, to be Captain.
 Lieut. Edith Pittenden to be Captain at Dundas.
 Lieut. Garwardine to be Captain at Hamilton I.
 Lieut. Edith Stuckless to be Captain at Bracebridge.
 Lieut. Paxton to be Captain at Parry Sound.
 Lieut. Liddard, Aurora, to be Captain.
 Lieut. McLellan to be Captain at Owen Sound.
 Cadet Porter, Lisgar St. Training Garrison, to be Probationary-Lieutenant at Riverside.
 Cadet Griffith, Lisgar St. Training Garrison, to be Probationary-Lieutenant at Huntsville.
 Cadet Mender, Lisgar St. Training Garrison, to be Probationary-Lieutenant at Sturgeon Falls.
 Cadet Peard, Lisgar St. Training Garrison, to be Probationary-Lieutenant at Gravenhurst.
 Cadet Petty, Lisgar St. Training Garrison, to be Probationary-Lieutenant at Hamilton II.
 Cadet McInnis, Temple Training Garrison, to be Probationary-Lieutenant at Lippincott St.

APPOINTMENTS—

ENSIGN WALKER, Toronto I, to Toronto V. (Riverside).
 ENSIGN HYDE, Dovercourt, to Toronto II. (Lippincott St.).

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
 Field Commissioner.



150000 for Evangeline Booth, Commissioner of the Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, the North-Western States of America, and Alaska, which is given to the Salvation Army in Canada, the Hudson's Bay Company, and the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, Toronto. ***
 All communications relating to the "causes" of the War Cry, or to publishing in its pages, or to inquiries about it, should be addressed to THE EDITOR, S. A. Temple, Toronto. ***
 All communications on matters relating to subscriptions, dependents, &c., should be addressed to THE EDITOR, S. A. Temple, Toronto. ***
 All Cheques, P. O. and Express Orders should be made payable to THE EDITOR, S. A. Temple, Toronto. ***
 All manuscripts to be written in ink or typewritten, and on one side of the paper only, and in a clear, legible hand. All manuscripts should be sent to the editor, and a copy sent at the rate of ONE CENT postage per two ounces, if sent by mail, and envelope of one cent postage and handling.

Our Territorial Leader's Health. [1]

The state of the Commissioner's health has scarcely improved during the week. The exhaustion has been really severe, and it is sincerely to be hoped that no serious break-down will yet result. We believe that the fervent prayers ascending to the Throne on behalf of our much-loved leader from all parts of the Territory, and beyond it, will prevail, and that she will be speedily restored to us. The Commissioner is most desirous to keep her appointments in the East as arranged, and is also preparing for a unique and unequalled series of Anniversary meetings in October.

The Present Financial Effort.

We are on the very threshold of the Harvest Festival. It has now become a well-recognized method of raising funds for the support of the local and Territorial work. The confidence of the general public in the Army is very marked. The Army's integrity, its economy, and successful enterprise are admitted in the whole, and only questioned by the few. Nevertheless, it is well to keep our aims and accomplishments well before

THE COMMISSIONER
(MISS BOOTH)

WILL VISIT

ST. JOHN, N.B.

SUNDAY, September 23rd—Salvation Meetings.

MONDAY, September 24th—Drawing Room Meeting,
and Opening of New Women's Social Institution.

TUESDAY, September 25th Officers' Councils.

the public in word and deed. This is not meant in the way of glorifying the organization, but to convince people that the Army does accomplish, by the help of God, the work it was called into existence to perform, and that the need is still vastly greater than our means can meet. It is for the Kingdom's sake that we should talk to arouse people's sympathies and duties towards their less fortunate neighbor, who, nevertheless, is still their neighbor, whom Christ commands His followers to love as they love themselves.

Anniversary Councils.

The dates of the Anniversary Celebration and Territorial Officers' Councils have been fixed for October 27th to November 2nd. Full details will be announced in due course. We desire to call the attention of our officers and soldiers to these Anniversary gatherings, in order to allow ample time to prepare for attendance. These annual councils conducted by the Commissioner now for four years past, have proved a very gold mine of instruction and inspiration to every officer who attended the same, and their influence have been felt in every corps of the part of our world-wide field. We cannot over-estimate the value of these councils, and would urge every officer in Ontario and Quebec, and as many of the other Provinces as can possibly arrange to come, to plan at once accordingly. There are also doubtless a considerable number of soldiers and friends in a position to attend these gatherings, and such we would unquestionably counsel to put it down as a fact that they will visit Toronto on the above dates. Special railway rates will be arranged for.

H. F. Service of Song.

Officers and J. O. workers will do well to carefully peruse the Service of Song printed in our H. F. Young Soldier. It is easily arranged, needs only little preparation, and can be made a very interesting meeting for the Sunday afternoon or any suitable night.

PRACTICAL SYMPATHY.

White Local Agent Hartfield, of St. John N. B., was collecting her G. B. M. money, a gentleman gave her \$5, requesting her to pray for him. This makes a total of \$6 from that gentleman's box for the quarter.

She is much in love with her work. She speaks most highly of the kindness of her box-holders, and finds it brings great blessing to her soul.

God's rewards are often greater responsibilities.

The world's need is both the cause and the cure of its greed.

have been concluded, as it is feared that the withdrawal of the allied troops would be looked upon by the Chinese as a weakness, and would provoke hostilities to foreigners throughout China.—Li Hong Chang has not yet been accepted as Peirce Envoy by all the Powers, but it is said that all the principal Chinese Ambassadors at all the various capitals have received instructions from the Emperor to treat for peace.—The Emperor and the Government in general seem determined to return to Pekin while foreign troops are there.—The Reform Party of China is gaining ground, and the flame of rebellion against the present Government is spreading. The reformers' movement is not directed against foreigners.—Massacres of British and Americans at Peking have been reported.—The destruction of property in Pekin has been enormous. Miles of houses have been stripped, first by Boxers, and then by Chinese soldiers, and finally by the allied troops.

NORTH AMERICAN NOTES.

The great calamity reported this week is the hurricane and tidal wave which swept through Galveston, Texas, and the surrounding country. The disaster is appalling in its extent. One thousand people are killed, and four thousand houses were swept away in Galveston only. Houston, Hempstead, Sabine Pass, and other places suffered also, more or less severely. The loss of life is estimated by some as high as three thousand. Railway and telegraph communications have been completely destroyed.—The coal cutters at Sydney, C. B., are out on strike for an increase of wages.—Harvest laborers are greatly in demand in Manitoba. A considerable loss of property was occasioned by a big fire at Oak Lake, Manitoba.—A Syrian jeweller, in Montreal, caught a burglar in his store, but the crowd took the part of the burglar, by mistake; the jeweller is in the hospital, and the burglar escaped.—The receipts of the Toronto Exhibition have been three thousand dollars less than last year. A number of houses, evidently belonging to a gigantic mistread, have been found on a farm in West Nissouri.—Influenza is plighting great havoc among the Indians of Alaska. A starch factory will be erected in Prescott, at the expense of \$45,000. Hamilton police have started a crusade against gambling houses.

INTERNATIONAL ITEMS.

The majority of mission stations in the Province of Kwangtung have been destroyed or looted. A bitter explosion on the steamer "Hummer" caused the death of the Captain and twelve of the crew. Owing to the partial failure of the American cotton crops, thirty Lancashire mills have closed down; many others expect to close shortly.—New England will adopt Penny Postage on the first of January next. The Arctic expedition of the Duke of Abruzzi, a member of the Italian Royal Family, is returning after reaching a point further north than Dr. Nansen. Over one hundred persons have been arrested at Constantinople charged with conspiracy to kill the Sultan.—The spread of the Bubonic plague at Glasgow has been arrested, though there are still under observation over 100 cases.—During the Austrian inundation a big gun exploded, killing four men and wounding eighteen others.

Financial Fragment.

Sergt. Mrs. Brule, of St. Catharines, received over \$10 last quarter from her box-holders. This is exceptionally good, and deserves of special comment.

Do not pilfer—that is, do not slyly steal. Servants sometimes take little things, supposing it to be no harm. Little food, soap, starch, articles of clothing. All this is theft. You have no right to take the least thing without permission. Servants, you don't know how much you adorn the doctrine of Christ by being perfectly honest and faithful. It means a great deal when a mistress truthfully says, "Jane is an honest, faithful Christian girl, because she proves it every day."



The General has just received a blessed day's salvation at Ipswich, and recommends preparation for the National meeting, which begins to-morrow night. This Council means to be the most important yet held during Coombs' command.

Commissioner Coombs conducted a tremendous meeting at Birmingham, Chelmsford, sought salvation, including

The West Indies were sent at the Locals' G. B. Farm Colony by Brigadier General Coombs three weeks ago. The island is weak and run down.

Mrs. Brigadier Coombs very indifferent.

A party of Russians on Brigadier Duff, who arranged for their visit in principal operations in

Several Americans are at present in Great Britain, present in the National

"The Deliverer" magazine is an agreeable publication. Its contents are not to reflect the spirit and Women's Social opera-

We have opened a k. parlor, at the Park Hotel, a female office, several languages, and foreign Salvation Army is on sale at the kiosks of various Army leaders. The kiosks are most

Capt. Pellet writes his wife, from Bremen, how glad she is to be in the exhibition. Having seen it at wome's meeting, he gave a long conversation on the Headquarters, and tend all the officers f

South Africa

A new feature in Army was in some mounted officer, called

Our barracks in plenty of ventilation, can be made by the shells.

"Open gently or down," was the motto of the officers' quarters at Mukden, previously held in a

The Western movements in hand for

ing. At night we had with us Burrows, Capts. Dowers and Ensign Walker gave a little experience as an officer, telling how God had blessed him in his movements. The Ensign and I together have done twenty-three service as officers in the Army. God has blessed their labors go to Riverside corps to take care of the work there. We had God-speed. One who was there

An Hotel-Keepers Sympathy.

CLAND, Ont.—While three were holding an open-air meeting inside the Fiddle House, in C., the other night, the band stepped into the ring, took off, and joined in the ring, as he went back into the hotel, but returned with a dollar bill that a friend told him if he step into the ring, he would be Army the above sum. God be with the hotel-keeper. We are to be soon get converted. He said himself to be a true friend. S. A.—R. T.

Junior Converted.

WICH.—Since you last heard us we have been having meetings. On Sunday last we had Ringler with us; he was here a short time ago, and he was glad to see her again. Bro. Bezzo, late of Clinton, account of his conversion; it is interesting. At the close of evening his little boy came and said: "He is about eleven years old. God can save the children and through them, Capt. Hochhauser, was with us for day. We are in for victory Jesus.—Lieut. M. Crawford, S. Mathers.

ST. JOHNS III, Nfld.—"On surrender; on, on, the devil hinder," seems to be the motto of comrades at No. III. Last Sunday soldiers stood to their guns almost a man until 11 p.m., with the result that six bachelors returned home. Again last night (Friday) we had a visit from Adj't. and Mrs. McLean, assisted by the brass band from No. I. Better still were the two souls who sought and found pardon, and rejoiced in knowing that sins of years had been forgiven. To God be all the glory.—Sergt. J. Lucas, for Capt. A. Newell.

Corps Booming.

NORTH SYDNEY.—Sunday was a "rouser"—largest crowds for the summer, and two souls at night. We have had Adj't. and Mrs. Dowell with us for two nights this week. In spite of a week's special attractions, we have broken the record in crowds. Someone was heard to say, "Adj't. Dowell is going around with a nice play, and they didn't require to go to the 'Frost Stock Company.'" I'm glad we have someone who can counteract the devil in an up-to-date style. Officers and soldiers are on fire for souls. North Sydney is booming ahead. Total income for week, \$20.—Minnie Pike, Sec.

Major and Mrs. Hargrave Visit Butte.

BUTTE, Mont.—Our week-end's meetings have surprised us; we have had to go to town. We had with us Major and Mrs. Hargrave for these. Both the Major and Mrs. Hargrave are good singers, and their songs were very impressive. Both in the open-air and inside the crowds were good. Sunday's meetings were powerful times. Strong appeals were made by both our leaders, and at night one precious soul sought salvation. Conviction was plainly stamped on many countenances. We believe a work was done that eternity alone will reveal. Saluts were wonderfully inspired and helped in the meetings, which were real Holy Ghost times. We are believing for greater things in the future. Everybody wishes our leaders a speedy return, and assures them a warm and cordial reception. R. P., Reg. Cor.

A Basket Social.

LETHBRIDGE.—With Adj't. McRae of Newfeland, and in a basket social, a glorious time was spent on Saturday night. "My life's history" formed the subject of the evening, and although nothing extraordinary revealed it self of an "awful experience" previous to his conversion fourteen years ago, his remarkable events with the Chief Magistrates, police, and turnkeys in the different towns and cities, Montreal in particular, held the people spell-bound, wondering what the next would be. Although on rest, the Adj't. has proved a great blessing to the soldiers and people, and in the absence of our Captain, was indeed a great help to the Lieutenant, who is holding the fort. The basket social proved a success, but had the weather been more favorable, from a financial standpoint, it would have surpassed anything of its kind. Sunday, all day,

led by the Adj't., from knee-drill till ten o'clock at night, we had wonderful soul-saving times. Monday morning he left for points west, to assist our Captain and a few soldiers in the interests of the Building Fund. A warm welcome will always be accorded visiting officers in this town.—Wm. Parrow, R. C.

A Good Catch.

HANTS' HARBOUR, Nfld.—Sunday was a real "rouser." At knee-drill we got into the Fountain, after giving our comrade, Sergt. Poly, a real welcome home. He arrived on Saturday from Labrador with a full load of fish, and dancing happy. He is a Salvationist and His dying love. The scheme evidently successful. A long, open-air the sidewalk and street was thronged with as orderly a gathering as could be wished, and as we returned to the barracks they came with us, and although the building is, by no means a small one, it was still inadequate for the accommodation of all those who sought admittance. The different nations were well represented, a strong testimony as to God's saving and keeping power, as well as an earnest appeal to those in sin to seek their Saviour. The meeting was a beautiful one, and our only regret that souls were not seen kneeling for mercy. Still, we feel the meeting was not held in vain. We hope it will start those who attended thinking of

Farewell of Capt. Gains.

REVELSTOKE.—The enemy is being defeated. Praise God! We have had good times since last report. Capt. Gains was with us for the week-end, and on Sunday night the farewell meeting of our much-esteemed Captain, who has been here for some seven months, struggling and fighting for the Master, took place. Too much cannot be said as to her faithfulness in working for God. She has made

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many friends here, who regret to see her leave. She has shown to the world here that there is a reality in serving Jesus Christ. God bless her, is the prayer of each heart who know her. We had a glorious meeting. God was indeed with us, speaking to the weary sinner's heart. Conviction was indeed present with many, and at the close of the meeting we had the joy of welcoming to our dear blessed Saviour two precious souls—two dear sisters. God bless them. May they be kept true to God. We are believing for more and more. On Monday morning at 4:45, we marched to the depot, eight in number, to bid good-bye to our faithful Captain and Capt. Haas. We are welcoming to our midst Capt. Southall. God bless her. May she be filled with the Holy Ghost, and we believe our numbers shall swell. Hallelujah! We are in to win—Silvers.

The Nations Represented.

MEDICINE HAT, Assa.—Friday night, Aug. 24th, was a glad night in Medicine Hat. Our officers conceived

their soul's salvation, and result in the ultimate salvation of many. We trust in God and leave the result in His hands. Although we have no conversions to report from this special meeting, we still lift up our hearts in prayer, and thanksgiving to almighty God for ten souls since last report. God bless them, and may He bless the work carried on by our Army throughout the world.—P. E. Bowell.

Clearing Off the Debt.

CORNWALL.—Since Capt. McLean took charge three weeks ago, we have seen one soul seek the Saviour. Praise God! On August 27th we had a special evening in the shape of an ice cream social. The treasury has been in debt for about eighteen months, so a "special go" of some kind was considered advisable. While the people were looking for shade, places with the thermometer standing 90 degrees and above in the shade for two weeks, it just hit the nail on the head. The best way to run a social, as well as anything else, is to have plenty of help, and all hands do not how little the can, but all they can. This was the rule followed by all. Some comrades had been resting for some time, so with fresh energy they made things go, one selling sixty-four tickets, at 10c. each. The result was that the barracks was filled to overflowing, which was scripture measure. All were satisfied with the cream and cake, both as to quality and quantity, to such an extent that it has been requested to have another. The Captain thought \$10 would be a nice sum to realize. She had, however, never tried the Cornwall soldiers at socials before. \$34 were realized after expenses were paid, which broke the record for Army socials in Cornwall. Over half of the debt disappeared the next day. Although it is better, since we had anything of the kind, as excellent. God gave the victory and the glory. In faith and works we are seeking to see sinners converted, and will let the public know, as soul-saving is the most interesting work we know of.—C. E. Rombough, J. S. S.M.

Hopelessness of Self-Reliance.

"Unless above himself he can erect himself, he can merit a thing is not." Says Wordsworth. Unless beyond himself there is help for a sinful man, how hopeless is the outlook! Who ever honestly tried the mortal probation of self-conquest, who has not longed for the mighty One, the Helper, the Saviour? It is said that when Dr. Darwin, of Derby, one of the most noted English Physicians, was succumbing to a fatal disease, he went from one authority to another until he had reached the highest on the Continent. Telling this man his trouble, he got the reply:

"The only man who can save you is an English physician, Dr. Darwin, of Derby."

"Alas!" was the reply. "I am Dr. Darwin, of Derby."

"O wretched man! . . . who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

"Thanks be to God Who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."—S. S. Times.



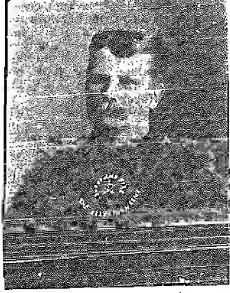
THE COFFIN OF THE LATE MRS. STAFF-CAPTAIN PHILLIPS.

Be Armed with the Bible.

By BRO. McFARLAND, R. C., Lisgar St.

We live in a world where our soul is in constant danger. Enemies are around us on every side trying to lure us away from God and the Salvation Army by false doctrines. False teachers are numerous, and that is a great danger. To be safe we must be well armed. We must provide ourselves with weapons, which God has mercifully given for our help; we must furnish and store our mind with Holy Scripture. Read the Bible often, study it well, if you have not already done so. A little knowledge of the Bible will not suffice. Depend upon it, every woman must know the Bible well if he or she is to gain religious teachings by it, and you must read it regularly if you would know it.

I know a man who in his testimony declares when he got saved he could not read a verse in the Bible, but by constant study and reading, can recite whole passages. There must be daily readings of the book or the book will not be known. As one said quaintly but most truly, "Justification may by faith, but a knowledge of the Bible comes only by works." The devil quote Scripture. He approached



Brother McFarlane, Lisgar Street.

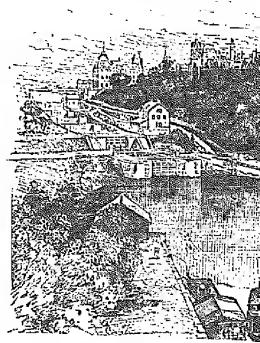
Lord and quoted Scripture when wished to tempt Him. We must be able to answer the devil with the word of God. Neglect your Bible, and I know no quicker or

Surer Way to Backslide.

Reader, perhaps you know all this, and have heard it often, but do you live as though you believed it? Do you really love your Bible as much as your ought? You are the man that it failed to need its comfort in time of need. Trials, a fitting seasonal affliction is a searching wind that strips the leaves off the trees. I believe that your stores of Bible consolation may one day run very low. I fear lest you should find yourself at last on short allowance, and come into harbor weak, worn, and thin. If you reach port at all, I shall not be surprised to hear that you are troubled with doubts and questionings about grace and faith, if you do not persevere in the study of the Bible. The devil is an old and cunning enemy, always ready to quote Scripture, as I said. If you are not sufficiently ready with your weapons to fight a good fight with him, if your armor does not fit, and your sword sits loosely in your hand, you will be beaten. The world you have to steer through is full of rocks, shoals, and quicksands of sin; and if you are not acquainted enough with God's chart you cannot steer clear of them.

I have watched some men go down through being careless of the company they kept; they never pray, or seldom testify in meetings, or speak to a sinner about his soul. If you ask them some simple question about the Bible, they can't answer you. How could they get on well in their soul if they neglected the study of the Bible?

He armed with a knowledge of the Bible, and live out the teachings of God; then you will be true, be good, be holy, and be honest to God and yourself, and the sinners and the devil will know you as such. God will bless you, and you will grow in grace. There is no influence so soothing to the mind and heart as the balm of Scripture comfort poured in the wounds which a cruel world inflicts.



Staff-Captain Stanyon Leads on—Five Good Cases of Conversion.

We had good meetings all day yesterday at the Temple, when we had Staff-Capt. Stanyon to lead us on.

We all very much regretted the fact that it was not possible for Mrs. Stanyon to be with us; but we expect the Staff-Captain to come again soon and bring Mrs. Stanyon with him.

The meetings yesterday proved very interesting indeed. The Staff-Captain's addresses were very helpful to his listeners, and we believe they will result in much good. The open-air meetings were of a very lively character, and enjoyed very much by the on-lookers. The collections came up to the standard, and the crowds turned out very good in spite of the great heat. The band played a great part and nobly assisted in the meetings.

We were all pleased to have with us Capt. LeCoq, who has come to assist Adjutant at the corps. We all wish him every blessing possible, and trust that his stay with us may be very profitable both to him and ourselves. Bro. Tom Manton was again with us yesterday, and spoke in the band with his cornet. Bro. Webb's plain, straightforward, salvation talk in the afternoon was just what we like to hear, and is of the right sort. He is a Salvationist of about seventeen years' standing. He is on a visit to Canada's Queen City with Brother Manton. God bless them both!

The night open-air meetings were grand. The band went to one corner, while the soldiers held forth at another corner. Large crowds stood around and listened very attentively, as well as helping in the collections in a very liberal manner. A large crowd gathered in the Jubilee Hall for the inside meeting and gave the best attention while the Staff-Captain spoke to them about salvation and its benefits, and the necessity of everybody obtaining it. We wound up the prayer meeting at 10:30,

he tolls on at the head of the Trade Department.

Mrs. Stanyon, although still suffering from the effects of her recent accident, is making favorable progress.

Adjt. Adams conducted the meetings at Lisgar St. yesterday (Sunday). He reports a good day.

We regret to learn that the health of Mrs. Major Pickering continues to be such as to cause a great deal of anxiety. Mrs. Pickering has been very ill since last May.

Our next week's Young Soldier will contain a special Harvest Festival Song Service, suitable for a week-night or Sunday afternoon Junior demonstration. Every corps should make use of it.

Staff-Capt. Stanyon conducted special services at the Temple on Sunday, with five souls.

Bulgarie Gaskin preached to the inmates of the asylum on Sunday afternoon, it being the Army's date there.

About eighty officers were present at the C. O. P. Councils, which were sessions of great profit and instruction.

The Chief Secretary, last week, suffered considerable inconvenience from a stiff neck. He has now quite recovered.

We must show people something better than they have, and we must carry the advertisement with us, and be living samples ourselves of a gladness which rises superior to all circumstances, and which draws men to its own Divine fountain.

A LITTLE CHURCH NEWS

Secretary French, of Ottawa Corp.

Secretary French is a native of Staffordshire, England, but at the age of four and a half years he crossed the ocean to Canada. His parents were strict in their training, and tried to bring him up in the right way, but his affections were set on worldly things.



Secretary and Mrs. French, Ottawa.

"In the autumn of 1887," our reader says, "two evangelists visited the village of Ironsides, and held forth night after night. I began to feel my burden of guilt, and one night as we were singing, 'We're bound to the land of the pure and the holy,' on the 8th of October, 1887, I fell at the Savoyon's feet, where my burden rolled away. Praise the dear Lord! I began a new career, joined the Methodists, and for five years served God in that denomination, eventually becoming the superintendent of the Sunday School at Ironsides.

"In the autumn of 1892, I happened to be in Ottawa, where for the first time I saw the Salvation Army. It touched my heart to see them knee while the snow gently fell upon them. I saw at once that they had greater privileges and opportunities than I.

"I attended their meetings all that

winter, and in the Spring of 1893, as Ensign Galt took command, I took my place as a recruit. In July I was sworn in as a soldier beneath the colors.

"I love the S. A. with all my heart to-day. I believe there is no place like it for opportunities of doing good. For seven years and six months I have fought, and do so to-day with greater determination.

"Some important events have taken place during my soldiership. I have had several appointments as Sergeant, and to-day I hold the position of Secretary in the Ottawa corps. On the 18th of November, 1897, I was married to Sister Sarah Draper, in our corps, and to-day we stand united in fighting for God beneath the Blood-and-Fire flag of the 10th corps."

A LITTLE CHURCH NEWS
Ring Hand-Bell Ringers on Tour.

Friday we left Westville for Pictou, P. E. I., via Pictou. Most of us went by boat and others rail to Pictou, where we re-assigned. The S. S. Princess was due to sail at 5 o'clock, but it was not until seven we left for the Island. It was a lovely night for a sail. Down in the cabin our musical wonders soon began to tickle the ears of the passengers with sweet strains, and 11 o'clock found us steaming into the harbor. Found a good crowd of Salvationists waiting to give us a welcome, and take us to our billets.

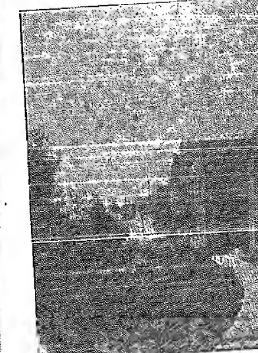
Saturday morning we secured a car, some trunks, and the big drum. At 12 o'clock we went out for a drive, let the people know we had arrived. The night meeting was announced at 8 o'clock, and a right good reception we had, too. At the open-air meeting in the Square the people crowded around to listen to us "managing." They gave us a very fair collection, and we told them of Jesus and His love. The inside meeting was excellent. The Mayor was expected to arrive at night, but was delayed by a smash-up on the railroad. We are glad to say it was not his train.

Sunday—Kneehill was a time of power. At the holiness meeting many heard God's voice speaking to them. Our open-air meeting in the afternoon was held in the park. The crusaders assembled at the barracks at 2:30 and we marched out, colors flying and band playing. The sun was very hot, so we found it very pleasant under the trees in the park. About five hundred people stood or sat around to listen to the glad tidings of salvation, and they were at full hand in giving in the collection, which amounted to \$6.50. The Major spoke with great power and energy, and we believe that God will bless the words that were uttered in the Park.

Just before the night meeting we had a big thunderstorm. The streets were flooded with water, but it had a good effect, it made the air wonderfully cool for the meeting. We had a march and a good open-air, and on coming back we found the hall nicely filled. The J. S. Major soloed and Mrs. Capt. McElroy spoke to us for a short time. Then Major Pickering explained the object of the brigade, and the people responded by giving a good collection. Capt. McElroy and his brother half sang a duet, after which the Major got onto his feet. His subject was "The Best Thing in the World." He gave a very powerful address on the follies of sin and the joys of serving God, making a very strong appeal to the unconverted and the backsliders.

The prayer meeting was one of power. The Major, although feeling very sick, stuck to the bridge, fighting to the last. We closed our meeting at midnight with three souls.

Monday the Troupe had a lot of practice with the bell-set, getting a



QUEEN SQUARE.

Salvation Hand-Bell Ringers on Tour.

Friday we left Westville for Charlottetown, P. E. I., via. Picton. Some of us went by boat and others came to Picton where we reassembled. The S. S. Princess was due at 5 o'clock, but it was not until seven we left for the island. It was a lovely night for a sail. Down in the cabin our musical wonders soon began to tickle the ears of the passengers with sweet strains, and 11 o'clock found us steaming into the harbor. We found a good crowd of Salvations waiting to give us a welcome, and take us to our billets.

—♦—

Saturday morning we scoured a town, some transparencies, and the big drum. At 12 o'clock we went out for a drive, to let the people know we had arrived. The night meeting was announced as a reception, and a right good reception we had, too. At the open-air in the Square the people crowded around to listen and to see our "man-of-the-world." They gave us a very fair collection, and we told them of Jesus and His love. The husky meeting was excellent. The Mayor was expected to arrive at night, but was delayed by a smash-up on the rail-road. We're glad to say it was not his train.

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—♦—

Monday the Troupe had a lot of practice with the bell-set, getting a

great many tips free of charge from Professor Hawley.

At night in spite of fog and a slight rain, we had a good crowd in the outside meeting, everybody being greatly taken up with our "man-on-wires," Capt. McElheney.

The building also was packed to the doors, in spite of many counter attractions. The service was lengthy and lasted over two hours; it was enjoyed by all present. Professor Hawley was in the choir, and he made some nice speeches about the brigade. The Troupe is fond in their expressions of gratitude to our Charlotte-town friends. Ensign Graham, Capt. Martin, and soldiers advertised the meetings well.

—♦—

The day morning, at 8 o'clock, found the Troupe assembled at the barracks, ready to march to the depot, en route for Summerside, P. E. I.

After a two and a half hours' ride on the train through a beautiful country, we arrived at the pretty town of Summerside.

In the afternoon, with a comrade, a horse, and a double-seated rig, the quartette did some advertising around the town, and made the people stare and wonder what circus had struck town.

At night the weather seemed against us, a heavy South wind settling down

Chene, en route for Springhill, our next appointment. On the boat the musical trio delighted the passengers with sweet strains for which they were rewarded with collection. The lady with the lunch-basket was not by any means neglected. At 11:15 we disembarked and hauled the train that was waiting. We arrived at Springhill at 11:45. Ensign Jennings, the worthy D. O., met us at the depot, with two teams, to drive us to the barracks. One team was decorated in great style with Union Jack, and a big transparency announced the meeting. We had only time to drink a cup of tea, and then be off for the open-air. The inside meeting was good, although the party were tired out with their long journey.

Friday. This morning we lost our guest of the Troupe, Mrs. Capt. McElheney, who had been with us for a few days trying to keep her "worst half" in shape, and some people tell her she had a big contract on hand. God bless her, we were sorry to lose her. In the afternoon Ensign Jennings, the Bishop of Springhill and District, the wonder, "Springhill Jack," boy-blue, a comrade of a younger generation of meetings, in a big wind, off to climb hill, drive devils, and to generally let people know there would be a hot time in

us by talking too long, but when one is listening to such experiences time is not considered at all. We were sorry he stopped, as we could have listened for another hour without losing werry. The following meeting was good, and so were the drills. We enjoyed them. We were sorry to have to go, but hope in the near future they will be paying us another visit.—Zacchens.

Harvest Festival Notes.

CLINTON DISTRICT.

By ADPT. ORCHARD.

Kindly allow me space in the dear Old Cry to inform its readers that we are bent on having a glorious victory in our Harvest Festival effort. God still lives to help us, and in His name and strength we shall conquer. Hallelujah!

Well, now, Stratford's target is \$89, and with such warriors as Ensign Scott and Capt. Hector in charge, there is no doubt whatever but what they will be able to knock the target flying. They are not very big, but you should see them get a move on.

Palmerston's bull's-eye is \$72, Capt. Hancock and Lieut. Crank are in command of this corps. The Captain well understands how to work a special effort successfully, and I have no fear but what he will come out on top. Lieut. Crank can turn the crank of his bike pretty fast when set to the vigorous collecting.

Wingfield's target is \$39, Capt. Pye and Lieut. Stickley won't be behind. Oh, no, not they! They are good hustlers and will come off with flying colors.

Capt. Cox and Lieut. Smith are stationed at Goderich, and I shall not be surprised if they reach their target of \$64 a week before Harvest Festival commences. They are not going to be defeated. Their target is safe.

What about Clinton?—the place that some people call Canada. Well, we have a nice band here. It has been said that our band is second to none in the Province. Not only can our lads play instruments, but they can sing, pray, and take hold and help in a special effort. Therefore, with my worthy assistant, Capt. White, and such a good lot of soldiers, I have the best band but what we shall win the victory and smash their target of \$54. We intend to have one of the best decorated barracks in the Province. Come and see.

Seaford comes next, with a target of \$52. Capt. and Mrs. Dowell are leading on here, and they won't be satisfied until they reach the mark. The Seaford soldiers are wide awake when special efforts are on hand. These are some of the best workers in the country here, and Capt. Dowell is one of the greatest go-ahead men in Ontario.

Capt. Thigler and Capt. and Lieut. Yeomans will do a good thing at Listowel. We have had two soots at the Cross. We also have had the pleasure of having our P. O., Brigadier Pugnaire, his good wife and family, with us to spend part of their vacation. This is what the Brigadier called it, but if he has to do so much during vacation, we cannot think he has much time to spare when at his office in Montreal. During the three weeks he conducted 22 meetings, besides attending to other business, which must have taken him from three to six hours each day. If all God's servants taking vacations did the same, I think the old Gospel Chariot would roll faster. We have had some splendid meetings, and have received great blessing. Our courage is stronger than ever for the fight. The Brigadier and Mrs. Pugnaire led the two week-end meetings, and although the weather was very warm, we had good crowds. Everybody was delighted with them, and were most eager to hear the songs and addresses. Crowds attended the two Sunday night open-air. The place was crowded on Tuesday night, when the Brigadier gave a sketch of his life and travels of six thousand miles by land and sea. Everybody enjoyed it. The Brigadier thought he wearied

Brigadier Pugnaire's vacation.

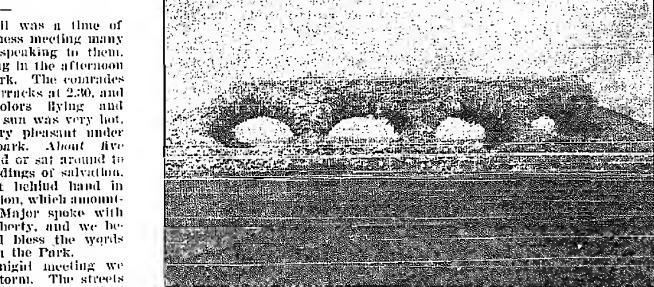
BARRE, Vt.—Since last report we have had two soots at the Cross. We also have had the pleasure of having our P. O., Brigadier Pugnaire, his good wife and family, with us to spend part of their vacation. This is what the Brigadier called it, but if he has to do so much during vacation, we cannot think he has much time to spare when at his office in Montreal. During the three weeks he conducted 22 meetings, besides attending to other business, which must have taken him from three to six hours each day. If all God's servants taking vacations did the same, I think the old Gospel Chariot would roll faster. We have had some splendid meetings, and have received great blessing. Our courage is stronger than ever for the fight. The Brigadier and Mrs. Pugnaire led the two week-end meetings, and although the weather was very warm, we had good crowds. Everybody was delighted with them, and were most eager to hear the songs and addresses. Crowds attended the two Sunday night open-air. The place was crowded on Tuesday night, when the Brigadier gave a sketch of his life and travels of six thousand miles by land and sea. Everybody enjoyed it. The Brigadier thought he wearied

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BRUNSWICK, N. S.—That noted man, Captain Bowes, will, I believe, gather \$34. His faith is high, and if he can't hit the mark, who can? He'll win.

Buryfield is led on by Lieut. Plant. The Lieutenant is a good hand at Harvest Festival, and I am confident that he will raise his \$32. The dust will fly and no mistake.

Mitchell has no officers at present, but there are a few faithful soldiers here. Sister Mrs. W. Thoms, and Sergt. M. Allen helped us nobly in our Self-Denial effort, and I expect they will do their best to help get the \$22 for Harvest Festival. I might add that Sergt. M. Allen is a good War Cry boomer—not like some folks who cry hoarse over work, and then stop selling for six weeks. She has been selling about 60 Crys weekly for 12 years. Fine a volley for Sergt. Allen. And now I am thinking of Mr. Edmon's shears, so must stop writing.



RUINS OF THE FORTRESS OF LOUISBOURG, NEAR SYDNEY, C. B.

Louisbourg was demolished in 1760, and was once considered one of the strongest fortified cities of the world.

upon us, but returning from a march we find the barracks nicely filled. A good program was rendered and enjoyed by all. Ensign Graham, the D. O., was in the chit.

Wednesday night we had another very enjoyable evening with our worthy brethren, the Rev. Mr. Dobey, in the chit, the duties of which he carried out in a very creditable manner.

Thursday we said good-bye to our comrades of Summerside and to the officers, Capt. Trafton and Lieut. McIvor. By-bye, Major had promoted our comrade, Lieut. Trafton, to Captain on Tuesday night, an unexpected honor which shook our comrade up, we thought she would faint.

At 11 o'clock we got on board the boat "Northumberland," for Point de

the old town that night. Did the people stare? I should think they did.

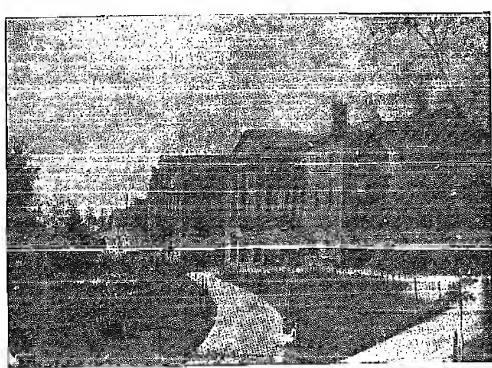
At night there was a big open-air meeting. "Tommy" played and encouraged the people, and then took up the collection.

The inside meeting was a success; the people enjoyed the hand-bells, singing, and the children's drills, and they stayed to the last. Ensign and Mrs. Jennings were kindness itself to us, and also the comrades.

TWO WEEK-ENDS AT BARRE.

Brigadier Pugnaire's Vacation.

BARRE, Vt.—Since last report we have had two soots at the Cross. We also have had the pleasure of having our P. O., Brigadier Pugnaire, his good wife and family, with us to spend part of their vacation. This is what the Brigadier called it, but if he has to do so much during vacation, we cannot think he has much time to spare when at his office in Montreal. During the three weeks he conducted 22 meetings, besides attending to other business, which must have taken him from three to six hours each day. If all God's servants taking vacations did the same, I think the old Gospel Chariot would roll faster. We have had some splendid meetings, and have received great blessing. Our courage is stronger than ever for the fight. The Brigadier and Mrs. Pugnaire led the two week-end meetings, and although the weather was very warm, we had good crowds. Everybody was delighted with them, and were most eager to hear the songs and addresses. Crowds attended the two Sunday night open-air. The place was crowded on Tuesday night, when the Brigadier gave a sketch of his life and travels of six thousand miles by land and sea. Everybody enjoyed it. The Brigadier thought he wearied



QUEEN SQUARE, CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

LIEUT. LONG	Booming War Cry in Skagway.
Capt. Carter, Belleville	50
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	50
Capt. Yake, Deseronto	50
Sergt. Shaver, Montreal	50
Capt. Magee, Perth	50
Lient. Liddell, Perth	50
Capt. Patten, Bloomfield	50
Capt. Dovery, St. Johnsbury	50
Capt. Jones, St. Johnsbury	50
Mrs. Hippler, Montreal	50
Sergt. Barber, Kingston	50
Genl. Slatan, Kingston	50
Lient. Hickman, Pembroke	50
Lient. Crosier, Port Hope	50
Mrs. Hayes, Nanapee	50
Cadet-Lient. Rutledge, Prescott	50
Ensign Sluis, Peterboro	50
Capt. Ash, Peterboro	50
Capt. O'Neill, Kemptonville	50
Capt. Tytus, Montreal	50
Cand. Stint, Odessa	50
Capt. Mitchell, Campbellford	50
Lient. Hoole, Campbellford	50
Cand. Gall, Sherbrooke	50
Sergt. Newell, Barre	50
Mrs. Harley, Pethchora	50
Mrs. Bundy, Burlington	50
Capt. Vance, Burlington	50
Lient. Pittman, Burlington	50
Capt. Edwards, Nanapee	50
Mrs. Fulford, Trenton	50
Cand. Waugh, Kemptonville	50
Capt. Owen, Peterboro	50
Sister Harbor, Ottawa	50
Sergt. Logie, Montreal	50
Sergt. Lewis, Montreal	50
Mrs. Ensign Jones, Tweed	50
Ensign Jones, Tweed	50
Addie Donley, Millbrook	50
Capt. Web, Prescott	50
Capt. Gambridge, Suntury	50
Mrs. King, Nanapee	50
Capt. Pether, Brockville	50
Ensign Yerex, Brockville	50
Mrs. Crawford, Quebec	50
Mrs. Sheppard, Quebec	50
Capt. Slater, Trenton	50
Sergt. Raymo, Barre	50
Sergt. Yeat, Barre	50
Sergt. Vacour, Montreal	50
Mrs. Ensign Wynn, Pleton	50
Mrs. Jewell, Pleton	50
Sergt. Wright, Peterboro	50

EAST vs. WEST.

EASTERN PROVINCE.

91 Hustlers.

Capt. E. Martin, Charlottetown	25
Lient. Long, Yarmouth	25
P. S. M. McQueen, Moncton	25
Sergt. Courad, Halifax	25
Capt. Yerex, Sackville	25
Capt. Miller, St. John	25
Mrs. Capt. Thompson, North Syd-	25
ney	25
Sergt. Maybee, Charlottetown	25
Lient. Wyatt, Charlottetown	25
Ensign Jennings, Springfield	25
P. S. M. Smith, Winslow	25
Adj. Frazer, Halifax	25
Mrs. Flora, Winslow	25
Capt. Allen, St. John	25
Sergt. Santuan, St. John	25
Capt. Brebaut, St. John	25
Capt. Hawbold, New Glasgow	25
Lient. Tiller, St. John	25
Bro. Bots, New Glasgow	25
Lient. Murthough, Windsor	25
Cadet March, New Glasgow	25
Capt. Lawes, Sydney	25
Lient. McLennan, Sydney	25
S. M. Chase, Fredericton	25
Lient. Payne, Westville	25
Sergt. Pike, Houlton	25
Sgt. Elliot, Charlottetown	25
Lient. Young, Hampton	25
Capt. Perry, St. John	25
Capt. Bell, St. George's	25
S. M. Vehot, Halifax	25
Mrs. Beatty, Fredericton	25
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John	25
Bro. Reid, St. John	25
Sergt. Mirell, St. John	25
Lient. Lebars, Stellarton	25
Sergt. Worth, Charlottetown	25
Cadet Munro, Carleton	25

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

37 Hustlers.

Ziebarth, Butte	170
Cadet March, New Glasgow	160
Capt. McMill, Nelson	160
Mrs. Hooker, Vancouver	157
Adj. Ayre, Billings	100
Ensign Cummins, Helena	100
Mrs. Wilson, Vancouver	98
Stevens, Rossland	85
Avery, Butte	80
Scott, Victoria	75
LeDrew, Spokane	75
Watruth, Livingston	70
Mrs. Hawkins, Great Falls	65
Morris, New Whatcom	65
Jackson, Nandimo	61
Miller, New Whatcom	60
Krell, Vancouver	60
Moody, Vancouver	58

OUR HISTORY CLASS

II.—THE ROMANS.

CHAPTER XXI.

POMPEIUS AND CATHALINA'S CONSPIRACY.

for him but to complete the conquest. He drove the old king beyond Caucasus, marched into Syria, where he overthrew the last of the Seleucian kings, Antiochus, and gave him the little kingdom of Commagene to spend the remainder of his life in, while Syria and Phenicia were made into a great Roman Province.

Under the Maccabees, Palestine had struggled to remain independent of Syria, but only had the help of the Romans, who as usual, tried to ally themselves with small states in order to make an excuse for making war on large ones. There was now a great quarrel between two brothers of the Maccabean family, and one of them, Hyrcanus, came to ask the aid of Pompeius. The Roman army marched into the Holy Land, and, after seizing the whole country, was three months besieging Jerusalem, which, after all, it only took by an attack when the Jews were resting on the Sabbath day. Pompeius insisted on forcing his way into the Holy of Holies, and was very much disappointed to find it empty and dark. He did not plunder the treasury of the temple, but the Jews complained that, from the time of this daring outrage, his power seemed to fail him. Before he left the East, however, old Mithridates, who had taken refuge in the Crimea, had been attacked by his own favorite son, and, hating that his power was gone, caused one of his slaves to kill him.

The son submitted to the Romans, and was allowed to reign on the Bosporus. Pompeius had extended the Roman Empire as far as the Euphrates; for though a few small kings still remained, it was only by subjugation from the Romans, who had gained thirty-nine great cities. Even the Parthian kingdom on the and Armenia in the north remained free.

While all this

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Harvest Festival

Remember

THE



Selected by Ensign Sims, Peterboro, Ont.

Ensign E. R. Sims hails from Edmonton, England. His Cadetship was spent in our British Training Homes, and after three appointments in the British Field, orders came for him to proceed to Canada. He formed one of the party of 100 Canadian transferred in 1863, during the Commandant's Commissionership. His first appointment in the Land of the Maple Leaf was St. Catharines as Lieutenant. He afterwards received orders for Barrie, where he was promoted to the rank of Captain, in May, 1894. Aurora, Sault Ste. Marie, Daveerton, and Port Perry followed in succession, and in each place God blessed his work. In January, 1896, Capt. Sims was appointed to the East Ontario Province as Grace-Before-Ment Agent, and a few months after this appointment came his promotion to the Staff. After nearly two years in this special work, especially successful, the Preston corps, blessed his soul, carried

Now at Thy cross I seek from all that's wrong to sever.
Let me hear, and I will follow,
Though the path be strewed with thorns;
It is joy to share Thy sorrow,
Thou unfeigned calm the storm;
Now my heart Thy temple making,
In Thy fulness dwelt with me;
Every evil way forsaking,
Thine only I will be.
Let the blood of Christ for ever
Flood and cleanse my heart within,
That to grieve Thee I may never
More stain my soul with sin.
Farewell to self and pride;
How wondrous is my treasure,
With Jesus at my side!

Experience.

Tune.—Steadily forward march (B.J. 78, M.S. II. 64).

3 Salvation is our motto,
Salvation is our song,
And round the wide, wide world,
We'll send the cry along.
Yes, Jesus is the sinners' Friend,
The Bible tells us so;
Their many sins He will forgive,
And wash them white as snow.

Chorus.

Steadily forward march, to Jesus we will bring
Sinners of every kind, and He will take them in;

The rich, the poor as well, it does not matter now,
Losing them in with all their sin; He'll wash them white as snow.

Though all the world oppose us,
Yet we will never fear,
With Jesus as our leader,
His presence ever near;
A wall of fire around us,
We'll never doubt his power,
But forward go the lost to save,
Yes, from this very hour.

Then forward to the conflict,
As through the world we go
Rejoicing in the precious Blood,
That wasp white as snow.
Yes, we will go for Jesus,
Although we may be poor,
For if in love we do our best,
Then victory is sure.

Testimony.

Tune.—We've enlisted (B.J. 79, P.W. 28).

4 We've enlisted in the Army of the mighty King of Kings,
And His soldiers true and brave we mean to be;
We have round His service happiness,
No peace of conscience brings,
And we're marching on to set the captive free,
There are voices we can hear, calling
From far and near,
Out of darkness out of strife, from the woes of human life,
From the drumbeats' wretched home,
There's a claim that calls for soldiers to the front:

Chorus.

Oh, I do believe it, we shall gain the victory,
I do believe it, victory through the Blood;
I do believe it, we shall gain the victory,
Marching 'neath the banner of the mighty God.

Near the banner we are marching on to do our part,
For the powers of right against power of wrong;
No allurement makes us linger, no foe can make us start,
And the battle cry of freedom we sing.

There are wrongs we go to right,
There are slaves we go to free,
And our God in front doth give power to overthrow;
Raise the standard, sound the bugle, march along.

We shall conquer, not a few shall die
before our mighty army;

We've the power of truth and
at our back;

Weak and erring, sad and sinful,

shall learn to know the claim,

Of the joys we scatter all along the track.

Then the lame shall leap in glee,
and the dumb their voices raise;

Then the blinded eyes shall see,

Shackled slaves shall then be free.

Then deaf ears shall be unstopped by

the heavy burdens dropped;

Raise the standard; Hallelujah!

Victory!

Step, Poor Sinner.

Tune.—Step, poor sinner (B.J. 80).

5 Step, poor sinner, step and think
Before you further go!
Can you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting woe?
Hell beneath is gnawing wide,
Vengeance waits the dread command,
Soon to stop your sport and pride,
And sink you with the damned.

Chorus.

Once again I charge you, sinner!
For unless you warning take,
Er you are aware you'll drop
Into the burning lake.
Ghastly death will quickly come,
And drag you to the bar;
Then to hear your awful doom
With fill you with despair.
All your sins will round you crowd,
Sins of blood and crimson die;
Each for vengeance crying loud,
And what will you reply?

But as yet there is a hope,
You may His mercy know;
Though His arm be lifted up,
He still forbears the blow.
Twas for sinners' Jesus died,
Sinners he invites to come;
None who come shall be denied,
He says, "There still is room."

Solo.

Tune.—Two lovely black eyes
Mighty, matchless love Divine,
Through that love I know I'm

7 True,
For that love, O Lord, I pine,
Oh, wonderful love!

Love that came from heaven on high,

For a ruined world to die;

Everywhere I go I'll cry,

Oh, wonderful love!

Chorus.

Oh, wonderful love!
Oh, wonderful love!

Wonderful, fathomless, boundless love,

Oh, wonderful love!

He healed the blind, He raised the dead,

The sick He caused to leave their beds,

The hungry multitudes He fed,

Oh, wonderful love!

He did the widow's son restore,

He hid the guilty sin no more,

He preached to crowd in and out,

Oh, wonderful love!

When out among the giddy throng,

Who, like strayed sheep, were gone wrong,

His heart was moved by pity strong,

Oh, wonderful love!

The harvest's great, oh, hear Him say,

Go, work at once, without delay,

For soon will pass life's little day,

Oh, wonderful love!

Oh, let that love my heart constrain,

Oh, let it now supremely reign,

All other service is but vain,

Oh, wonderful love!

Love that makes me do the right,

Love that makes me pray and fight,

Love that seeks souls day and night,

Oh, wonderful love!